THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1, 1809.

A SECOND SIGHT VIEW, OF THE BLESSINGS OF A RADICAL REFORM.

OUR elaborate review of 'MAC ARTHUR,'* a poem of which Mr. Walter Scott, has not yet written a single line, but which he will certainly publish *in due time*, must have convinced our readers, that *one* of us, at least, is gifted, in an extraordinary degree, with the powers of *second sight*; we therefore trust that they will devote their most serious attention to the following dreadful picture which was presented to the mind's eye of our Scottish coadjutor. Our only consolation is, that the horrible circumstances so forcibly depicted therein, may yet be avoided if the British Nation will not suffer itself to be deluded by the diabolical arts of ambitious knaves, pretended patriots, and REAL TRAITORS.

* Vide Satirist, No. 15, p. 483.

Our gifted friend had taken his station in the gallery of the House of Commons on the evening of the 17th instant, when Lord Folkestone brought forward his ridiculous, but mischievous motion relative to supposed public abuses, where he was soon lulled into a doze by the soporific powers of his Lordship's eloquence. Scarcely had sleep banished the subject of debate from his mind, when he beheld delineated in vivid colours the dire consequences which would inevitably result from the triumph of wicked and visionary reformers over the friends of our established laws and Government.

Poor Britannia appeared completely overturned, her heels uppermost, her shield and spear broken, and her countenance distorted with agony. Three violent reformers holding torches in their hands, under the pretence of investigating abuses to the very bottom, were setting her in a blaze, while a fourth was employed in basely blinding her noble lion. A wretch whose neck and wrists bore evident marks of the pillory, was stabbing her to the heart, and a huge and filthy *porcupine* was lapping her blood as it flowed from the wound which the traitor inflicted. The dæmon of discord perched on the summit of a newly-constructed guillotine, yelled horrible applause, and the ravening vulture of France hovered above the savage group, eager to devour the carcass of their mangled victim.

Such, Britons, would be the *blessings* of "a RADICAL REFORM."

April 20, 1809.

SECONDARY HONOUR,

OR

THE HONOUR OF SECONDS

Stat nominis umbra!

MR. SATIRIST,

When the first homicide slew his brother, the Devil was his *advising friend* or *second*; and, although in that *affair* circumstances certainly did make a little against the *survivors*, yet I believe the Society of Antiquarians unanimously attribute to it the origin of MURDER, "dans toutes ses formes." One thing at least is clear, viz. that the character and profession of a second is of the remotest antiquity. Alluding, no doubt, to the advantages resulting from such a personage's good offices, Bion rapturously exclaims:

Ολβιοι οἱ φιλεόντες, ἐπην ἴσον ἀντιφανῶνται, &c.

And proceeds to mention Theseus, Orestes, and Achilles, with their several chums or cronies, in terms of high approbation. For the benefit of our modern MEN OF HONOUR, Sir, permit me to give you the passage in a loose English version.

"A SECOND to a DUELLIST is dear.
Theseus was blest with his Pirithoüs near;
Determin'd with this faithful friend to dwell,
He sought unmov'd the darkest shades of hell:
Ev'n glum Orestes, that much cozen'd guest,
With his tried friend, his Pylades, was blest.
Blest was Achilles, whilst his friend drew breath;
And, dying blest, that he reveng'd his death."

The passion for revenge and the accompaniment, *ad inferos*, fully demonstrate the nature and quality of the connexions thus briefly recorded. Hercules and Lichas, Æneas and Achates, and numerous other classic heroes and their exploits might equally be referred to, as splendid examples of friendship and instances of honourable dealing in the same way. Be it remembered, too, that each of these *doubles* was not only ready, willing, and eager, " partes ferre secundas" in the preliminaries of a quarrel, but also in the pains and perils of a contest.

Xenophon, in his *Life of Cyrus*, describes the OMOTIMOI, and Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, particularizes with great minuteness a similar body of fighting men, who (like the Macedonian IMMORTALS and the French INVINCIBLES) carried on this heroic principle of devoted attachment in a wholesale way, with an *esprit du corps* not exceeded, perhaps, by any regiment in modern times.

Plutarch, in his *Sympos. VII.* 6. and Horace in his *Satires, II.* 8. bring us acquainted with a much more peaceable species of *seconds* whom we have been accustomed to call *led captains*. " Hi sunt scurræ, parasiti, homines non invitati a convivatore, sed ab invitatis adducti velut comites. Sic enim pridem ad cœnam vocatus, de hospitis confisus benevolentiâ, quosdam deducebat *asseclas* secum : quibus nomen datum ex eo quod invitatum sequerentur, velut *umbra* corpus." These *gentlemen* were stiled *Umbræ* in the days of Horace aforesaid, and their honourable functions are justly enumerated by Henry Fielding, in his *History of Tom Jones, Vol. III. Book XI. Ch. 9.* where he observes —— " In this they acted only as gentlemen ; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table."

In the feudal ages, the retainers of a noble chieftain prided themselves in exhibiting their qualifications both in peace and in war, in public and in private transactions. In peace, they were clothed and fed by their lord; in war, they robbed, lied, bullied, and butchered for him.

In the romantic days of chivalry, Mr. Satirist, every Don Quixotte had his Sancho, or in other words, his obsequious humble *second:* and, in the unruly times of freebooters and outlaws, every Robin Hood had his *squire* or Little John. These were as inseparable as substance and shadow; and were universally considered as foils to each other then, as a lawyer and his clerk on the circuit, a quack and Merry Andrew at a fair, a Harlequin and Clown in a pantomime, or Sir Francis and the *Rev.* J. H. Tooke on the hustings.

It has somewhere been remarked with considerable shrewdness, that 'were there no *receivers of stolen goods,* there would be very few *thieves,*' and, without seeking to disparage a glorious employment by a seemingly invidious comparison,—I will own my opinion, Sir, that were there no such animals as modern *seconds,* there would be very few *duellists.* It is a curious fact, Mr. Satirist, for which I regret my total inability to account, that, somehow or other, just as lawyers are said to be averse to litigation on their own account, so your thorough-bred professional modern *seconds* seldom get into a scrape themselves, and turn principals. *The better part of valour is discretion,* we are told, and these primers and loaders of pistols most commonly evince a double portion of the latter admirable quality *when their own persons are exposed to the chance of danger.* They suddenly prove complete masters of the whole science of evasive punctilio, on all such awkward occasions; and can 'measure swords, and part, on the seventh cause,' with any Hector in Chris-

tendom,* Their ' courage,' is seldom ' screwed to the *sticking place.*'†

Formerly, Sir, a *second* was a friend indeed, for he was a friend in need. Entering deliberately, though desperately, into his injured comrade's quarrel, avowing all his partialities, adopting all his prejudices, with no eye but for that comrade's interest, with no ear but for his honour, with no arm but for his protection, a *second,* then, always fought by the side and in the cause of his principal; the office was notoriously a post of peril, and therefore it was a post of glory. But, now, what a contrast is exhibited! Even the attendant surgeons and post-boys, run greater risks than our modern *maitres des cérémonies du champ de battaille.* The post-boys are easily discovered, the surgeons are of necessity detained by the sad duties of humanity, but the *seconds,* now-a-days, scamper off the moment a principal is seriously wounded.

Figure to yourself, Mr. Satirist, a wretch, who is a coward by nature and a scoundrel by education; a wretch, from habitual libertinism devoid of generous sensibilities: suppose him to be born *honesto loco,* and to be favoured by the blind goddess with ease and competence; imagine him to possess a tolerable person, a specious address, and pleasing manners; make him the confident to some gallant and spirited but indiscreet youth, whose indignation is aroused by a supposed or real insult from another quarter. How will your *hero* behave? Will he sue? will he argue? will he attempt to reconcile the parties? No. *This he will do.*

Like a true modern *second,* he will eagerly *convey* a challenge from his warm friend, he will *dictate* an apology that the presumed offender shall scorn to offer, he

* Shakespeare. *As you like it. Act V. Scene 4.*
† Ibid. *Macbeth. Act I. Scene 7.*

will *appoint* a *speedy* meeting, he will *measure* a *short* distance, *load* his friend's pistol, *place* him in a *fit* position, *claim* the *first* shot *by courtesy*, *retire* to a *safe* distance, *give* the *signal*, clap his hands to his ears and *slink away* directly after the MURDER is perpetrated!!! *Probatum est.*

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Yours, with much respect,

Mount-Street. PATRICK O'ROURKE.

DESTRUCTION OF BATH.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BATH, APRIL 5TH.

"You have doubtless heard of the state of horror we have been thrown into, in consequence of a report, which arose God knows how, that this and the neighbouring city of Bristol were to be overwhelmed on the 31st of March by the conjunction of the surrounding hills. At first the report was entirely confined to the meeting-houses, from whence it spread to the gin-shops, was chalked all over the town, retailed by the apothecaries, taken up by the physicians, and at last, openly talked of in the rooms. There it was generally regarded as a Monday's hoax, and produced nothing but bons-mots and epigrams, affording, for several days, a fruitful topic for the belles to prattle on, and the beaux to show their wit and teeth. On the 27th, however, considerable agitation was produced by the darkness of the day, and the report began to be listened to with some degree of seriousness, insomuch, that the corporation thought it necessary to hold a con-

sultation on the subject, and, after several hours deep investigation, came to the three following resolutions:

"1st. That it appears a strange report is in circulation that this city will be overwhelmed and destroyed on the 31st current.

"2dly, That this court have, in consequence of the above report, resolved to enquire into it with due care and consideration.

"3dly, That this court, after enquiring into the above report with due care and consideration, have come to the following determination, viz. that this court can form no opinion on the matter."

That same evening several testimonies of its belief were noticed, for Mrs. C— ("*for the first time this season,*") *lost* a rubber at whist; two ladies, scarce seventy, actually refused dancing in the public ball room, and, it was even said, that Mrs. L— had put off her rout for the ensuing Sunday *sine die.* The next morning the abbey was open, as usual, for early prayers, and I am assured by a gentleman, on whose veracity I can rely, that there were *nearly a dozen* people present. The spirit of piety was no less observable at the octagon, where a most *select* auditory collected at the usual hour, and listened with *extraordinary* attention to the Rev. *Proprietor's* polished periods. Indeed, it is said, that the Doctor (with a laudable view, no doubt, to promote religion during the prevalence of the panic) had sent round *cards* amongst "*the higher circles of society,*" informing them that there were several seats, *sophas,* and fire-places to be let, fitted up in the first style of elegance; and laying but a small *advance* on the prices, considering the state of the *market.* Be that as it may, it is certain the *grand chapel* never was better attended, and the Doctor *performed* to "a most brilliant and overflowing audience with universal applause." Towards the end of the service, however, the heavens darkened and the rain de-

scended in torrents, which raised not a little alarm amongst the congregation; at this time, by some strange inadvertency the Doctor let drop the word—*Hell!!!* Scarce had this barbarous *low-lived* expression been uttered, when a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the *grand* chapel, and shook every *sopha* with its terrific roll—every cheek (*that could*) *suddenly* turned *pale*, and, as if fearful of being buried in the ruins, all rushed confusedly from the sacred place. As the punsters observe, this was the first time there had been a *rout* in the *grand* chapel, and truly never was there beheld such a scene of confusion: wigs, false-fronts, hips, bolsters, bits of *enamel, teeth*, &c. were thickly strewed on the sacred pavement, and in the street, "fair nymphs and well drest youths," Lodona like, were melted away by the heavy rain. I am concerned to say that, amongst several other accidents, Miss W— by rashly exposing her *face* to the rain has nearly *lost the use of it*, and, it is said, it was nearly *washed away*. Indeed it was a truly distressing sight to see *tears of carmine* rolling down the cheeks of the draggled beauties, and quantities of the best French enamel floating down the streets.

The rest of this day all Bath was in alarm; numbers of persons left the town, and such was the consternation of the higher ranks that there were not above fifty routs that evening. The clergy were convened at Mrs. L—'s card party (all but Mr. B— who had been seized with a *swimming in the head after dinner*, and was obliged to be put to bed) and debated on the important subject. Dr. G— had no doubt but that the report "originated with one of the lowest of the multitude," but "his dignity of mind led him to despise in silence, rather than condescend, personally, to remove" the fears "floating in the higher circles of society;" however he would be en-

tirely guided by what Lady H— and the *higher circles* should determine.

Mr. D— *looked down with contempt* on the believers of such absurdity, and declared it was propagated by the methodists, who wished for nothing so ardently as the downfall of so truly *orthodox* a city. He then entered into an elaborate view of the horrors of such a calamity, quoting at some length from the fathers, and drew a very animated picture of the demolition of Bath, but was prevented from proceeding, while describing the fall of the free church, by the greatness of his emotion.

Dr. S— thought such an event was probable, and would be a merited judgment on so sinful a city. He recollected with great satisfaction that " he had preached seven times a week for three months together, and four times a week for years, and for an hour at a time," moreover," had exhorted his hearers not to go to the playhouse or the rooms, declaring it was the downward road," and he wished his brethren had followed the good example he set them.

Mr. W— suspected it was a *political* manœuvre and was raised for some dark purpose by the *emissaries of government*, and he should acccordingly postpone his *sermon* against the *orders in council* in order to give his parishioners some advice on the subject.

Dr. R— *wept* so much, he was prevented from speaking.

Mr. L— had examined all the writings of the *ancients*, but could find nothing similar, and was quite at a loss what to say; at the same time he thought it best to be prudent, and had accordingly advised his *dear wife* to remove to some secure situation where her *valuable life* would be out of danger.

At last the fatal day arrived. All the morning the card-

parties in the upper rooms played for *love*, but as the day advanced they grew bolder, and ventured stakes. It was at first proposed to have prayers read in the pump room, but no one would officiate. As to going to church it was utterly impracticable, for no lady would venture either with or without rouge. In these squabbles of determining on the best method of preparing for death, the day past, and at length every fear vanished, each began laughing at the other's dread, the routs recommenced, gaming went on briskly, the corporation agreed on a dinner, the apothecaries advised gentle aperients to carry off the bad effects of the late commotion, and all returned to their old ways."

R. F.

ON THE SENIOR DEAN OF ST. —— COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, BEING TURNED OUT OF OFFICE.

I.

Oh, luckless day! Oh, day of grief!
Sure such another ne'er was seen;
The fact is almost past belief
That G— is now no longer Dean!

II.

Of such expulsion, Oh, what need?
What could the senior fellows mean,
When they so foolishly decreed
That G— should be no longer dean?

III.

What foul malicious dæmon then,
With lowering eye and visage lean,
Persuaded all these cruel men
That G— should be no longer dean?

IV.

Where was our guardian genius fled?
Ah, he was fast asleep, I ween—
Sol, in dark clouds, Oh! hide thy head—
For G— no longer is our dean.

V.

Curst be the odious envious sprite,
For some such sprite there must have been,
Who thus has quench'd the *Johnian light*,
By making G— no longer dean.

VI.

Mourn all ye Under-graduates, mourn,
A loss so sad, so great, so keen;
For Oh! your *Friend* is from you torn,
G— is, alas! no longer dean.

VII.

Nor for *your* grief alone I call,
Let sorrow every where be seen,
Mourn Graduates, Fellows, one and all,
That G— no longer is your dean.

VIII.

No more up chapel shall he walk,
So grand the Freshmen's ranks between;
No more shall frown at those who talk,
For G— is now no longer dean.

IX.

No one will now pull off the cap
When with* *erect and stately mien*
He comes—for oh the dire mishap
All know that G—'s no longer dean.

*Mr. G— is of a very *commanding* figure, about five feet nothing in height, perhaps *not quite so much*.

X.

Thy office gone, no more respect
Towards thee, O G—, will now be seen—
Nought but sharp taunts, and mark'd neglect,
For the poor *little quondam dean.*

XI.

But hold, my Muse! give up the task
Thee from this subject let me wean;
That thou should'st smile, I do not ask,
For G— is now no longer dean.

XII.

Go, poor St. ——! Thy loss deplore!
Of colleges, ah! once the queen,
But now thy reign, alas! is o'er
For G— no longer is thy dean!

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. IV.

MR. SATIRIST.

HAVING completed our Lectures on Literary Politics, we come by our proposed plan to discuss the Elements of Political Oratory; an art of the most extended nature, if we pursue it through all its various ramifications of Robin Hood-Societies, Palace-yard-Congregations, Westminster-Hall-Meetings, Husting-Speechifications, Guildhall-Resolutifications, and so on by a graduated scale until we proceed from the freezing point of eloquence, the *zero* or *nought* of the Westminster-Tobacconist up to the boiling heat of St. Stephen's *mash-tub!* where the *scum* is always striving to be uppermost.

It has been asserted by some of the old scholiasts, "that *speech* is one of man's greatest advantages over all other animals," for which reason it seems that every *animal* is anxious to *make a speech*. "I have a thought within me," says an elegant writer, "that I desire to communicate to others, in what manner, therefore, shall I be able to transfer it from myself to the persons around me? If I cannot effect this, confined within myself, I suffer inexpressible torments. The most numerous assembly is to me no more than an hideous solitude;" and surely whoever has been witness to the patriotic workings, the anxious desires of our self-constituted orators, to say *something* at the late municipal meetings in the sister cities of London and Westminster, must acknowledge that these words were almost prophetic. As example is in all cases superior to precept, we shall not follow Aristotle through his eight properties of poetic elocution, but call the attention of our pupils to the practice of some of the ancient philologists. Among the most eminent of these we must first notice Aristarchus the disciple of Aristophanes, the great master of denial and of contradiction, and of whom Cicero, in allusion to his convenient style of criticism on the Iliad, says, "Homeri versum *negat, quem non probat*;" this indeed is an example of the first rule in oratory whether you are analysing the speech of your opponent, patching up the evidence of your favourite witness, or undergoing a cross examination on the *politics of letters*.

The study of political oratory is more particularly necessary at the present day, as our patriotic *linen-drapers*, however skilled they may be in the use of the yard and the ell, seem to know nothing of public *measures*; but expose themselves to the rebuke of Pomponius Marcellus to Tiberius, who in one of his speeches having

used some *barbarous* words and justified them on the plea of adoption, Pomponius replied, "*You can* make *men* free of the city, Cæsar, but not *words.*"

As every thing in nature has both a cause and effect, so the *primum mobile,* and *ne plus ultra* of all oratory is to produce a change; now Winkler the German philosopher lays it down as an axiom, that "all changes in bodies arise from motion," which accounts for so many *motions* having lately been made, without any thing being either *moved* or *removed.* Indeed, to draw an inference from the conduct of our modern politicians, a casual observer would suppose them to be actuated solely by that famous maxim of Aristotle, "he that is ignorant of *motion* must necessarily know nothing of nature."

In the arrangement of our plan, we shall divide our subjects into *entities* and *non-entities,* the latter of which indeed we fear will be predominant; as for the *entities* they include such a variety of *great* and *little,* that we can only class them by their *magnitudes,* about which, and the nature of their *motions,* philosophers have argued with great subtlety, and have laid it down as a general principle that any *magnitude,* (amongst which we may even include a point, or any other *petty* quantity, as the least of all possible magnitudes, up even to that infinite magnitude, the *broad bottom* of the parabolic conoid of opposition, between which are placed all other magnitudes) "is movable, that is, in whatsoever manner we behold it, the same may be made to *change its place* continually, according to prescribed differences." Thus far, saith old Barrow, and this *change of motion* has already been sufficiently exemplified by our modern broad bottoms when *out* and *in.*

For our second axiom on POLITICAL ORATORY, we must adopt that principle of Descartes, that although a

body, of any kind whatsoever, has but *one motion* peculiar to itself, because it is conceived to proceed only from the bodies to which it is joined, or contiguous, and which are then at rest, "yet the same may partake of innumerable other motions."

Of *this principle*, we have many examples; one moves for reform, another for inquiry, one moves *for* papers, another *moves off with paper*, one moves to *enlighten* all our parishes, and another, a *new* clause in a mutiny bill, until at length John Bull, perplexed by the *eccentric*, geocentric, and *hellio*-centric motions of this many-sided body, is happy to see them all *move off* together, into empty space, as bodies best fitted for a *vacuum*.

Had not these bodies been thus suddenly impelled by this centrifugal force, the vortices produced by their different impulses must soon have deranged the system, and no one can tell *where they would have stopped*, if we are to depend on the truth of that hypothesis first framed by the ancient mathematicians respecting this kind of motion, "that a point may move directly on, as long as you please, from an assigned term, *in a right line*, by which motion it is evident that a *right line* is described." It happened however, that these bodies moved in a *wrong line*, * by following which they deviated from the limits of political parallelism, and have got again into the *line of eccentric motions*.

Having thus analysed our *movable bodies*, we shall proceed to the nature of *motions*, preparatory to the solution of our oratorical problems.

Motions, then, are of two kinds, simple and compound; a *simple* motion is indeed difficult to define, and we can

* Some of Sir F. B.'s friends previous to this had concluded their motions at the *end of a strait line*, and thus solved the *last problem* in politics.

say of it, little more than St. Augustine's answer when he was asked "What is time?"—"If any one asks me, I know; but if any person should require me to tell him, I cannot."

Moving a vote of censure after an honourable acquittal is a *simple* motion; but *seconding* it, in hopes of preserving popularity is infinitely more so.

These simple motions are generally made by non-entities, whilst the entities trust to compound motions to generate their magnitudes, and these are of two kinds, which the old philosophers have called *phora* and *periphora*, or progression and circumrotation, the one going straight forward, the other about the bush, both of which we shall exemplify in our solutions, which will be given next month.

NEW INFORMATION-COMPANY.

MR. EDITOR,

As several new subscription-companies have started up for the avowed purpose of giving and receiving information on clerical and mercantile subjects, I have drawn a plan from my pigeon-hole, for the establishment of an office for *Political Information*, &c. where every *patriot* may have an opportunity of making his wants known, without the trouble of attending county-meetings, or haranguing city-assemblies. As a long list of *wants* have already been handed in, I beg leave to bespeak a niche in your Meteoric Journal.

WANTED.

A *good situation* for a *Tobacconist* in the city of Westminster.

A good nest which requires *feathering.* Apply to *Hugh Lings, late* feather merchant.

A *new* speech on the *old* subject, for the next Westminster meeting.

At the *hustling shop,* Covent Garden, a couple of new candidates; none need apply who cannot pay down a round sum *privately,* in order to come in *free of expence.*

Some *new chargers* for the *Whig* corps, now *dismounted.*

Less quassia, and more malt and hops in the *patriotic entire.*

Another banker, by a lady in Westbourne-place.

Less absurdity, and more *notes* for the New Botley Subscription-Concert.

A few active citizens who understand the *new measures* in the political retail trade. Apply at the Corner of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

The receiver generalship for the county of Middlesex. Apply as above.

A *coronet,* that will fit the *head* of a brewing concern. Apply in Great Russel-street.

Some good subscriptions by several *ruined* ladies, burnt out from the box lobbies.

Some *new masks* for the "Friends of Reform," as they hope soon to *drop the old ones.*

Employment by a *Cartwright* at Hackney, who feels himself perfectly adequate *to put a new spoke in the wheel.*

A good hand at stringing political syllogisms. N. B. A minor and a conclusion wanted—the *Major* is ready for *stringing.*

For the *heads* of the nation, a few good old *wigs* without *clubs,* as *wigs* on the *new principle,* though they look well on *blocks,* have got too much of the *Roman* curl.

By the St. Stephen's sharp shooters, a parcel of old

letters as wadding for their next charges. N. B. It is not necessary that they should be genuine.

By *Pol. Reg.* a purchaser for a quantity of waste paper, which is fit for wrapping up sedition, or for any other *private purpose.*

Letters, post-paid, addressed to the Crown and Mitre, Botley; to the Stalking Horse, *Oakhampton*; or to the Banker, at the "*Love's labour lost*," in Westbourne-place will be duly attended to.

THE LOITERER.

No. XIV.

MAN, being naturally born free, and having originally only resigned a part of his liberty into the hands of the legislature, on condition of the rest being preserved to him entire, no more restrictions than such as are absolutely necessary to ensure the general safety will be imposed by a government, which, keeping in view the basis of its authority, and not aiming to exceed the powers with which it is entrusted, has in contemplation only the happiness and well-being of the state. But as human happiness consists in the gratification of certain wants or desires either natural or artificial, it becomes the business of the legislature to decide between such as are natural and may with propriety be indulged, and those which are contrary to nature, or cannot be gratified without prejudice to the interests of the community. In drawing this line, a variety of opinions will arise, as custom, prejudice, or other circumstances may operate; and hence proceeds that variety which his to be found in the laws of different nations, and even of

the same nation at different periods. This variety has been still more strongly marked where those, who have been entrusted with the powers of legislation, have violated their trust, and sacrificed the public good to their own private interests; and the nearer they have approached to absolute despotism, the more have penal laws been multiplied, and the happiness and comforts of man abridged.

Love is the most natural, the most universal, and the strongest of the human passions; none has produced such striking events, or has so great or general an influence on human affairs. It became, therefore, naturally a subject of legislative attention; yet as it constitutes the chief happiness of mankind, such governments as have adhered to the original principles of their institution, have been extremely delicate and cautious in their interference, lest, in the attempt to check the excesses of love, they might encroach on the natural rights and liberties of man.

Taking this then to be the principle on which laws, calculated to promote general happiness and utility, are founded, it may be a matter of curious speculation to enquire how far it has been regarded and acted on in the punishments assigned to the violators of female chastity, which has very generally* been considered the most valuable possession of one half of the human species. It would extend the discussion, however, to too great a length, to trace with any minuteness the various defences which other ages or nations have raised for its protection: it will be sufficient for this place to consider how it is protected by the English law, which has been called the perfection

* Not that this, however, is universally the case: in some countries virginity is associated with reproach, and it is necessary to have been a mother before becoming a wife.

of human wisdom. And even this view of the subject may be still further narrowed to the consideration of that species of violation, which is effected by persuasion; and which, in common speech, is termed SEDUCTION: since where force is used the unanimous voice of every civilized nation condemns the brutal violator to the severest punishment.

Marriage and seduction are relative terms; neither necessarily exists in a state of nature; both are the consequence of civilization. Marriage is a restraint on nature, and seduction is the consequence. If there were no such thing as marriage, there would be no seduction, since the one is merely an evasion of the other: if there were no customs imposed there would be no inducement to smuggle. Where marriage is held most sacred, there will seduction be most severely punished; but where the laws assign no punishment to the absolute violation of marriage, as in cases of adultery, it would be a strange perversion of justice and reason if its mere evasion were considered criminal. There is, however, no such inconsistency or injustice in the English law; if it reckons adultery as nothing more than an offence done to an individual, with which the community has no concern, it accounts seduction as no offence at all. It may be observed, indeed, that it is only as governments have become despotic, that such actions have been made the subject of penal laws. Solon, it is true, of whose wisdom the antients speak so highly, condemned seducers to *death* or *marriage*, ("Dreadful alternative!") and he is said to have regarded the forcible violation of female chastity as less criminal than seduction, because in one case the person only was defiled, but in the other both person and mind were polluted. This, however, was introducing too much of metaphysical refinement into legislation, and those, who think better both of the justice and judgment of Solon, are inclined to attribute

the law to Draco, whose decrees were so inhumanly severe, that they were said to be written in blood.

But it is in the history of ancient Rome that the near connection between liberty and the impunity of seduction may be clearly traced; for while the citizens of Rome continued free, they were subject to no punishment on account of seduction, but as they gradually became enslaved, the penalties of seduction were introduced and gradually encreased to the highest pitch of severity. It would, indeed, have appeared rather extraordinary, if, in the infancy of the commonwealth, while the rape of the Sabines was still fresh in the memory of the men, the very persons, who had committed that flagrant act of violence, had affected any great degree of delicacy with regard to the preservation of female chastity. A highwayman with equal propriety might insist on the sacredness of property. Occasional instances of squeamishness, however, occur, as in the cases of Virginia and Lucretia; but when it is remembered how universally the Romans sacrificed the ties of nature and private affection to what they were pleased to call the duties of patriotism, it may be even questioned whether Virginia and Lucretia were not victims offered up to liberty rather than to chastity; and it is probable that the blood of neither had been shed had there been no decemvirate to overthrow, nor kings to expel. Still while Rome continued a republic there was no statute against seduction; nor does there appear to have been any inclination on the part of government to check the practice till the introduction of the Julian law, which for the first offence interdicted the seducer from the use of fire and water, and for the second exiled him from Rome. It is probable, however, that this law, which, like our game laws, was introduced by the high patrician party, did very little to better the condition of those whom it affected to protect; and, like these same game laws, only confined the right of

sporting to certain privileged classes of the community. But whatever were the effects produced, it is a fact strongly in favour of the present argument, that the law was not introduced till Rome had lost her freedom, and submitted to the will of an emperor. From that moment, however, seduction began to be considered as a crime, and as Rome sunk deeper in the gulph of slavery, severer punishments were inflicted on seducers. By the laws of Justinian those convicted of offending in this way were sentenced to death, and their estates were confiscated. And this was, as the law itself premises,* to take away from woman every opportunity of committing an offence against chastity. For the Roman law supposes that woman could never go astray but for the seduction and arts of man; and therefore, by restraining and making so highly penal the solicitations of man, it was intended to secure effectually the honour of woman.

But the illustrious Blackstone, commenting on this very passage, observes in the true spirit of a Briton, "that our English law does not entertain quite such sublime ideas of the honour of either sex as to lay the blame of a mutual fault upon one of the transgressors only." The English law, in fact, is founded on the principle, that where there is no freedom there can be no virtue, and therefore leaves female chastity to take care of itself; while in those countries where the name of liberty is unknown, virginity is guarded with the most jealous and unremitting care,† and

* Si enim ipsi raptores metu, vel atrocitate pœnæ, ab hujusmodi facinore se temperaverint, nulli mulieri, sive volenti, sive nolenti, peccandi locus relinquetur: quia hoc ipsum velle mulierum ab insidiis nequissimi hominis, qui meditatur rapinam, inducitur. Nisi etenim eam solicitaverit, nisi odiosis artibus circumvenerit, non faciet eam velle in tantum dedecus sese prodere.

† Some idea of the attention of the *Eastern* legislators to matters of this sort, and the extreme nicety with which they assign various degrees of punishment to every imaginable gra-

physical chastity is looked upon as the only valuable gift which can belong to woman.

What is here adduced is intended only as a statement of historical facts, and general principles, from which arguments may be drawn either for the propriety of punishing or permitting seduction. How far the general licence of the English law in this respect is conducive to the happiness or virtue of the community shall be considered in the next number of the LOITERER: in the mean time, however, it may be fairly said, that it is not the least proof of the respect of the legislature for the natural rights and privileges of the subject, that it leaves him at perfect liberty to seduce the daughter or wife of his friend, provided he is able to pay for it.

WHAT IS A DEMAGOGUE?

Let us all be unhappy together!

DIBDIN'S SONG.

MR. SATIRIST,

IN the 54th letter from Warburton to Hurd, dated June 10, 1753,* *London* is quaintly denominated "*the land of compliments, where all things are forgotten:*" Had the good bishop lived to see our days of patriotism and reform, Sir, I think he would rather have written "*the*

dation of offence, may be formed from Mr. Halhed's code of Gentoo laws. The passage relating to this subject will be found *extremely curious.*

* See *Letters from a late eminent prelate to one of his friends*, 2nd edition, 1809, page 140.

land of inquiry and reproach, where nothing is forgotten." Human nature, in the aggregate mass, is pretty nearly the same as to passion and propensity, in the four parts of the globe. Love of sway in the governors, and love of scandal and license in the governed, have equally been observable in all the ages of the world; civilization alone made the difference between the contests for power at various epochas; the structure varied, but the ground-work continued always the same, at all times, and in all countries.

Although the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, although every animal of the brute creation is led by a kind of generous instinct to revere the hand that feeds and protects, and the voice that instructs it, yet a celebrated Greek historian justly remarks, '*Οτι μεν δη ταῦτα ἐνεθυμηθεμεν, ὅτως ἐγινωσκομεν περι ἄυτῶν,* [scil. *περι ζωων και περι ἄνθρωπων,*] *ὡς ἄνθρωπω πεφυκοτι παντων τῶν ἄλλων ζωων ἔιη ῥᾶον ἢ ἄνθρωπων ἄρχειν.* The weighty text is in Xenophon, Mr. Satirist, and in that curious piece of composition *Buonaparte's letter to the Prince of Asturias* may be read a most convincing commentary.

Now, Sir, if the state of politics in general, and of British politics in particular, be so,—and for this truth I do most resolutely contend,—we have a clue in our hands that will guide us safely through every political labyrinth, a key that will unlock all the *arcana* of state intrigue. For brevity's sake allow me to give this wonderful discovery to you in the sonorous diction of the Dean of St. Patrick's;

He that is *out* will pout. SWIFT.

And this brings me gently and regularly, fairly and softly to the question, WHAT IS A DEMAGOGUE?

He is a clever fellow in his own conceit, he is a Jack

out of office, and "he would very fain be doing." For the better prosecution of his patriotic aims, he carefully studies the signs and bearings of the times, the inclination of the popular mind, the actual state of affairs abroad and at home, the prevalent spirit of parties, the fluctuations of peace and war, the amelioration or deterioration of commerce and manufactures, the price of provision, and the burden of taxes. Armed with these formidable *data*, arrayed in *brazen* armour, and mounted on some favourite *hobby*, forth sallies the modern DEMAGOGUE!

With such a man 'things change their titles, as his manners turn.'* With him, Sir, *whatever is, is wrong*. Does a philanthropic Howard, after years of unwearied investigation and painful experience, recommend the salutary measure of solitary confinement in certain cases; and do an enlightened ministry adopt his recommendation, and build an expensive mansion for delinquents in the Cold-Bath Fields; such a structure our modern DEMAGOGUE shall miscall 'THE BASTILLE,' out of pure patriotism; and if the jailor does his duty therein, our modern DEMAGOGUE shall lampoon him in ten thousand ways, till the name of 'ARIS' becomes synonymous for that of Cerberus, the grim triple-headed janitor of Hell. Does a minister, in a stormy hour of trouble, rebuke and blasphemy, procure the enacting of two mild, wholesome, and coercive laws; our modern DEMAGOGUE, in the plenitude of wisdom and facetiousness, shall style these saving instruments of prospective mercy 'GRENVILLE'S GAGGING BILLS.' Does a minister subsidize foreign powers to fight our continental battles; our DEMAGOGUE exclaims against 'the wasteful expenditure of blood and money;' does he with-hold the sinews of war; what

* POPE, *Character of Sir Balaam*, a London citizen, who was *hanged* for dabbling in politics and *treason*.—O si sic omnes!

bitter invectives are howled against 'a base and ill-judged parsimony!'

Moreover, Sir, a modern DEMAGOGUE is a man who covets dignities, yet loves to speak evil of them. In his creed, every man of illustrious rank and large hereditary fortune is an "*aristocrat*," or confirmed villain; our princes are *all* rogues, our nobles are *all* corruptors or corrupted, our M. P.'s (*exceptis excipiendis*,) are *all* unworthy of confidence, our magistrates are *all* court sycophants, our East-Indian directors are *all* smuggling peculators, our military men (except General F.) are *all* time-servers, and sold to work wickedness.

BUT——Mr. Satirist,——if you walk boldly up to this Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, if you fix your eye full upon him, if you examine his proportions well, and minutely scrutinize the carcase that stinks behind the screen of pseudo-patriotism, neither the ΑΛΦΑ nor the ΩΜΕΓΑ of the Jacobin host can abide you. Then, Sir, you will find the DEMAGOGUE of St. Stephen's, or the Guild, *to be himself the scoundrel he describes*, and only inferior to the worst of his hyperbolical descriptions *in talents and opportunities*.

A public DEMAGOGUE is, almost invariably, a private *libertine*; and as, in the words of an expressive proverb, birds of a feather flock together, so we may rest assured the admirers of our modern Catiline will resemble those of the *conspirator* of old. What is the character of the "FRIENDS OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM," recorded by the pen of Sallust? I transcribe it with pleasure, for the edification of Messrs. John Gale Jones, Waithman, Wardle, Cobbett, Finnerty, &c.

"Quicumque impudicus, adulter, ganeo; manu, ventre, pene, bona patria laceraverat; quique alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; præterea, omnes undique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convicti

judiciis, *aut pro factis judicium timentes,* ad hoc, quos manus atque lingua perjurio aut civili sanguine alebat; postremò, omnes quos flagitium, egestas, *conscius animus* exagitabat, ii Catilinæ proximi, familiaresque erant." *

THESE, ISRAEL! BE THY GODS!!!

I remain, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

J.W.L.B.

A SONG,

FOR THE MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

I.

WHAT rogues are these in greasy caps,
With long lank hair, and lanthorn chaps,
With gin and treason warm!
Who throng the Crown and Anchor door,
And cry up Wardle and his whore,
And bellow for reform—

II.

Who King and Lords and Commons hate,
And would pull down the church and state?
They are a rebel crew:
To every faction well inclin'd
They change their rags, but not their mind,
They once wore buff and blue.

III.

And who is he that heads the mob,
With Roman nose, and Brutus nob,
Who treason's trump has sounded
Who takes his lesson night and morn,
His creed and speech, from Parson Horne;
Say—is not he a roundhead?

* C. Cripsi Sallustii *Bellum Catilinarium.*

IV.

Yes! though no little band he wears;
He is a crop in all but ears,
Both church and king he loaths,
Would arm a Chelsea invalid,
Against the Friend, that in his need
Gives him both food and clothes.

V.

But where's Horne Took, their quondam leader?
Is he from faction a seceder,
And has he turn'd from evil?
His milch-cow Bosville (hither sent,)
Says he's on other business bent
He's posting to the Devil.—

VI.

Who's that right honourable spark
Who pleads the cause of Mrs. Clarke
And her new paramour?
A Lord—and, if we credit fame,
The honours of his grandsire's name,
Were purchased of a whore.

VII.

And who is he that madly storms
About impeachments and reforms?
He beer and mischief brews, Sir;
Malice has long his soul possess'd;
Good men he hates, but most the best,
And is their fell accuser:

VIII.

With false alarms he fills the croud,
And without reason cries aloud,
" A lion in the streets !"
Or with reforming frenzy struck,
Like a mad Indian, runs a muck,
And tilts at all he meets.

IX.

Who's he, whose rank intemperate zeal
Guildhall's fur-gown cannot conceal ?
No wash can change his hue,
Old Nick ('tis said) within a tomb,
Claim'd as his own, *one John* a Combe—
Let him take Harvey too.

X.

And who is he that loudly bawls
About reform at common halls,
And bullies a Lord May'r ?
That fellow deals in HEMPEN CLOTH :
Kenyon ('tis said) in court was loth
To credit what he'd swear.

XI.

In inner room—his shop beyond—
Foul plots are laid and speeches conn'd
Fine goods his window deck ;
In trade and faction thus enlisted,
O ! that the *raw material* twisted
Were tight about his neck !

XII.

And who is he whose brain supplies
A Weekly Register of lies ?
Is it not Cobbett ? Yes.
A snake in Britain's bosom nurs'd,
A fiend with tongue and pen accurs'd,
The Belial of the press.

XIII.

Ere delegates like these be sent
To work reform in parliament,
And cleanse Saint Stephen's dome,
Let the reforming knaves begin
To purge themselves of vice and sin,
And work reform at home.

18th April, 1809.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIVERY MEETING, THE ELOQUENT SMUGGLER, &c.

A LETTER FROM LORD F——'S SERVANT TO HIS BROTHER.*

DEAR TOM,

I WRITE this to inform you that I and my Lord are both well in body, although I believes master be not quite right in the head, for instead of going regularly twice a week to see his favourite filly in Charlotte-street, he has scarce set eyes on her for these last two months—all his time is spent in writing to one Porcupine, and parfecting himself in public abuses—and I fears the poor crature will be *a-miss*, for she always required a power of *exorcise*. To tell you the truth, Tom, I don't much like master's goings on—he has got among a d——d bad set, and they'll be the ruin of him—that's what um will.

* We were favoured with the original of this sensible epistle by a Wiltshire friend.

All the town, and master along with em, be in an uproar about Mrs. Clarke, Corruption, Mr. Wardle, and the Whale: for my part I don't know what they wants—we have good feed and wages, as things be, and should we be one penny richer if things wer altered, as master and Porcupine wants?—Not us! tho'f mayhap *they* mote get a little more consequentialness themselves, for all real gentlefolks hates them now. I wonder my Lord will keep company with that there Porcupine, who is no better than a desarter; and had he not run off to the Mounseers would ha had his back scratched with a cat, and sarve him right too. I seed yesterday one of his comrades in the 54th regiment, who told me that he wer the biggest tyrant in the univarsel world when he wer sarjeant-major, and had ner he been skreened by that monstrous traitor, Lord E. Fitzgerald (who was just as bad as master's *crony* the *wooden baronite* I told you of afore) he would ha been degraded to the ranks and flogged fifty times.*

Now, I'll tell you a rum joke. Having some intentions of quitting my Lord's sarvice, I were looking over the newspaper to find a siteation, on the 1st of April, when I see'd a long advertisement that there were to be a meeting of *the Livery*, which I naturally thote meant *livery sarvants*, and detarmined to attend it, though I cudner think what *we* had to do with Mr. Wardle and Corruption. Howsomever I soon found my mistake, when I got to the hall, for God forbid livery sarvants should ever disgrace themselves as these here *livery* men did. Like all your *liberty boys* the devil a one would um let say a word as wasn't of their own way of thinking. But who

* This is a fact which we have heard from an officer of the 54th Regiment, who declares that Porcupine was the most tyrannical and troublesome wretch that ever cursed the army.

do you think wer the biggest spokesman of um all? Why that there d—d smuggler, the linen draper, as you and I see'd eight years ago in the court of King's Bench, and heard my Lord Kenyon tell him, as how he was a ——— man, that no conscientious jury cou'd believe,* and that his evidence was the worst he ever heard given. This I'm told is the reason why a sartin mad brewer said as how he wished this smuggler wer a parliament man, for it seems that such queer evidence is mighty useful in the parliament house to these here reformers, but I declare, Tom, it made my hair stand an end to hear this fellow, who got all his money *by cheating the public revenue*, who was brought to shame in a court of justice, and who, I'm told, tried all he could when the broad a——d squod was in office to be made a *general receiver*, bawl about corruption and rights, and such like, just for all the world as if he had been as pure as spring water. For my part I thinks them as harkens to such fellows must be fools or madmen; and master, Sir Frank, the mad brewer, and Wardle, desarves to be *tied up* in straight waistcoats, which would be too good for the desarter Porcupine, who should be *tied up* to a halbert or a *gallus*.

I remain, dear Tom,

Your loving brother,

SAM. STEADY.

Harley Street, April

P. S. If you hears of a place, let me know, but mind, I'll be d———d if I sarves a patriot again.

* The Jury did not believe him, but gave a verdict of nearly £1000 damages to the Plaintiff, in direct opposition to this smuggler's evidence. We are in full possession of all the disgraceful facts. A curse on such reformers! E.

LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE.

Sir,

There are few circumstances in the external appearance of this seat of literary repose, more calculated to excite the surprise of the stranger, than the vast variety of the *dresses* by which we distinguish the ranks of the several members of this our republic of letters. From the unadorned mantle of the threadbare sizer to that consummation of all academic dignity the full bottomed wig of the doctor of divinity, all is diversity, and all is order. It is not my intention to dispute the propriety of these distinctions. A school-boy is always a leveller and a republican; and that is perhaps a wise regulation, which inculcates on the minds of our youth, the lesson that respect is due to our seniors in age, and to our superiors in learning, rank, and fortune. One consequence resulting from this accurate subordination of ranks may probably be of more questionable utility.

Sir, I have a filial reverence for the institutions of my alma mater, and cannot write without indignation of the illiberal insinuations thrown out by some who erect themselves into judges of the manners and conduct of her sons. It has been affirmed by certain evil-minded persons that our dignitaries are in general an unsocial set of mortals, spending their days in solitary labour, and their nights in abstruse speculation—that they are so enveloped in critical or philosophical research, that even when emerging from their cells they are absent, thoughtful, and reserved—nay, so little have they been said to be accustomed to attend to the elegancies and refinements of life, that some have even accused them of not knowing

the difference of port and claret, and of relishing a turbot no better than a mackerel. Now, if these charges could be substantiated, I should, however unwillingly, be compelled to resign their defence. I should feel that as our young noblemen and fellow-commoners are entitled, from those distinctions of rank which I have mentioned, to take their place at the fellows' table, and to participate in the συμποσια of the combination-room, that the future aristocracy of our country might contract the most dangerous habits of indifference to the proper conduct of the festive board—that instead of hereafter dignifying their country by driving four in hand in Rotten-row, or by spending their revenues in the gaieties of St. James's-street—they might degenerate into plodding book-worms, or squander their days in the dry task of assisting in the legislation of their country. Now, Sir, feeling as every man must, that these dangers, if real, are most alarming, and conscious that the public has an undoubted right to demand a distinct account of the state of things in this respect among us, I have thought that through the medium of your publication such an impartial developement might properly be made. And first, Sir, I shall admit that to a superficial observer there does appear to be some ground for these insinuations. It has frequently been observed that a most profound taciturnity prevails during dinner time at the fellows' table. Upon more accurate inspection, however, it appears that this cannot fairly be attributed to any particular moroseness of temper among that learned body, as it has been discovered that the more important work of mastication is carried on without interruption, and it is surely too much to expect that the mind should be intently occupied on two distinct duties at once. I say the mind, for where there is so vast an opportunity of selection, the operation of eating cannot be wholly corporeal. Again, Sir, some malicious cavillers

have remarked that there appears to be so great an antipathy to jovial fare among these reverend churchmen, that at Deighton's and Nicholson's the new cookery books are bought up with an avidity which can only proceed from a rooted antipathy to the dissemination of knowledge on so important a subject; but I appeal to your candour and feeling to say, whether it is not a more liberal construction of that circumstance to suppose that it proceeds from a desire rather of acquiring than suppressing information.

If I have been so far successful in refuting the attacks of malevolence or ignorance, I trust you will be disposed to listen to what I have farther to offer in reply to these very serious accusations against the official guardians of the literature of our country. I remember, when I first entered as an under-graduate at ——— College, feeling much surprised at a circumstance which forced itself on my attention. I perceived a most inveterate antipathy in the minds of the fellows against our college cook. Every door at which he knocked was *sported*. If he appeared in the court his employers immediately retreated to that side which was farthest removed from the situation which he occupied. In short, Sir, I concluded (I own it to my shame) hastily and uncharitably, that they had contracted a dislike to the poor fellow merely because the nature of his studies shocked their sublime and exalted geniuses. The mystery at length was unravelled, and I mention my own precipitation with the sincerest contrition, hoping that it may prove a warning to others. The cook of a neighbouring society threw up his office *with demands for nine thousand pounds on the college*. I then learnt that the man had been hated because he had been a *dun*, and here also I found a most irrefragable practical refutation of the accusations I am combating. The last and the most suspicious phenomenon I have yet to mention. I have already hinted that universally amongst us

the more wealthy part of our young men retire after dinner with the seniors of their colleges to a room (in our vernacular language called a combination-room) where they are closetted till chapel-time. Now, Sir, many very disagreeable reports have been spread abroad of the business transacted at such meetings. Some have hinted that the conversation is restricted to a close imitation of that which took place at Cicero's Tusculan villa, where, as he informs us, the method of argumentation always followed that originally taught by Socrates. Others have gone farther, and declared that these dialogues are always held in Latin, and that a Greek determination or thesis is pronounced by the fellows in rotation on these occasions. Nor are there wanting appearances which afford some degree of probability to these premises. The supposed disputants overcome, as it is imagined, by their exertions in the cause of truth, often appear so weak and fatigued as to be obliged to be carried out to bed, and what will sound most unaccountable, it is an undoubted fact that books, for whatever purposes, are generally to be discovered on their tables. Now, Sir, my anxiety to rescue this university from the heavy charge of checking the spirit, and of giving a scholastic awkwardness to the manners of her noble pupils, has prompted me to inquire into the truth of these rumours. For the cause of truth and justice I rejoice to be able to refute these calumnies, and call upon you to communicate that refutation to the world. With respect to the alleged inability of the combatants to remove from the scene of action, I put it to your candour to declare whether it is not more charitable to suppose this lassitude to be the effect of a good-humoured convivial participation of the amusements of youth than the result of a gloomy philosophical dispute, conducted in the method, though not quite in the temper, of Socrates. The matter of the books I allow to be more important,

and I rejoice to be able by the following LITERAL EXTRACT from one of those belonging to J— College, to put that question beyond a doubt.

Extract from J—— College Betting-book, kept for the use of the Combination-Room of that College.

"Dr. C— betts Mr. H— eight bottles to one that Turkey be dismembered before Christmas: Agreed to by Mr. H. on Dr. C— saying that he meant a pun, viz. that a turkey would be dismembered in the room before Christmas.

"Lord A—t betts Mr. F— four bottles to two that Belcher beats Crib.

"Mr. M. betts Lord A—t two bottles that he (Lord A.) weighs two stone more than he (Mr. M.)

"Mr. M. betts Mr. F— one bottle that ——— would rather be called fool than noodle: Two to one by Mr. C. that he had rather be called doodle doo.

"Mr. F— betts Lord A—t four bottles that Betty was born at Shrewsbury.

"Mr. H— betts Mr C— that his (Mr. H.'s) room is bigger than the Combination-room.

"Mr. H. betts Doctor C— two bottles that he (Dr. C.) takes the living of H—n."

Now, Sir, I can, I think, appeal with confidence to any unprejudiced mind for the justice of my cause, assured that not bigotry itself can pretend to affirm that there is any reason to apprehend that those amongst us who shine in gold and silver lace, will derive any injury from the company of their seniors, or that the university of Cambridge will fail to exert herself to promote among the youth committed to her care that love of genuine wit—that generous disdain of money—that noble negligence of time, and above all, that just taste and accurate judg-

ment on the subject of good eating and drinking, which constitutes so essential a part of the character of a nobleman, a statesman, and a senator.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Cambridge, April 10, 1809. K. S.

PORCUPINE'S REGISTER,

A NEW SONG, TO THE TUNE "OF A ROYAL RACE WAS SHENKIN."

In the days of good old Noah,
With cattle, flocks, and swine, sir,
In the train of Cham,
To the land of Ham,
Went a hog called Porcupine, sir!

This hog was a beastly grunter,
Full of sin and all uncleanness,
With poisonous ills
He tipp'd his quills,
And his tusks had a cursed keenness.

He hated human-kind, sir!
No cannibal more cruel,
Whilst his brother-brutes
Fed on Hebrew roots,
Blood to him was water-gruel.

His hide was so thick and bristly,
No goad nor thong could sting him,
And he turned up his nose,
Both at friends and foes,
The Devil himself could'nt ring him.

Like the learned pig of London,
He could spell and make his mark, sir!
And his ink was all
Of his own black gall,
As black as the pitch of the ark, sir!

As his master Cham was a scoffer,
So was he, both in pen and prate, sir!
And the great and the good
Were his satire's food,
For he hated church and state, sir.

This hog once put on armour,
But fighting was his aversion,
For among his pranks,
He ran from the ranks,
And was near being shot for desertion.

Like Cham he is cursed in his race, sir!
For from this wicked hog is descended
A Hampshire swine,
Peter Porcupine——
Would to Heaven the breed were ended!

This brute is as bad as his sire, sir!
Foully stained in his hide and motley,
Our land of Ham
He is doom'd to damn,
For he stinks in a stye at Botley.

A HAMPSHIRE CONSTABLE.

Winchester, April 7th, 1809.

NOTORIOUS GAMBLERS.

No. II.

We shall now, in conformity with our plan of dragging every species of noxious animals from their lurking places, exhibit the South Street depredator to our readers, that they may know, and shun him as they would a pestilence.

This little, black, *foreign-looking* wretch was originally an apothecary's apprentice, but pestle, mortar, phials and gallipots, had no charms for his aspiring soul; his father and a second husband having left his mother a few thousand pounds, he persuaded her to fit him out as a travelling companion to the Rev. Mr. C. (commonly called *lying* C—) a gentleman of considerable college notoriety, whom he accompanied to Paris, during the early part of the French revolution, where he was initiated in all those arts which are indispensible to *an in-door plunderer*, and acquired both the manners and principles of a revolutionary Frenchman. When he returned to England he resolved, as *Lenitive* says, "*to sink the apothecary*," and thought the most effectual means of doing this would be to obtain a commission in the army. Accordingly his silly parent was induced to purchase him a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons, which he however quitted as soon as she died, his brother officers not being particularly fond of his company.

About the year 1800 he formed an intimate acquaintance with a man named *Fagan*, whose gambling adroitness is sufficiently notorious to all the town.

This accomplished pair immediately entered into a pre-

datory partnership. Fagan, being *known*, could not so successfully entrap pigeons as formerly, but our hero's operations had hitherto been confined to the plucking of his own *particular friends*, and he therefore admirably performed the part of a decoy: their success was considerable, and many thoughtless young men were absolutely ruined by their *ingenuity*. Fagan took a dashing house, and furnished it with a handsome *mistress*, and every thing else that was useful and ornamental, but his friend was too avaricious to enter into similar expences, till he met with one of the plumpest pigeons that ever gladdened the heart of a *Blacklegs*: this was a young gentleman named Bacon, who wanted a few months of being of age, he possessed a fortune in the funds of twenty thousand pounds, and when he attained his twenty-first year, the whole was sold out under the auspices of these notorious gamblers, who actually claimed every shilling thereof for *play debts*, and shared it between them. The unhappy victim is now, we are credibly informed, in the most abject state of poverty and misery. Notwithstanding this large supply, Fagan, who was always a dashing and extravagant character, was in great want of money, he therefore sold his house, furniture, plate, linen, china and *mistress* to his pupil, and shortly after this went to France, where he is still detained by Buonaparte.

Our hero now carried on the gambling trade on his own account, got introduced into the most respectable circles, and being an adept "*in ringing the changes*," *&c.* plundered for a considerable time without being suspected. Pretending that he had a liver complaint which prevented him from drinking wine, he always contrived to keep himself sober, which, added to his other advantages, rendered him more than a match for most of our fashionable adepts. Such, however, was his avarice, that not contented with the plunder of the gaming table, this mean miscreant suffered

his mistress to prostitute herself, for his advantage. But, perhaps, the most dangerous of all his predatory schemes is one which he has recently adopted, the evil consequences of which are so manifest that we trust every parent interested therein, will immediately profit by our hint and strictly enquire into the subject. We have been assured that he is in the constant habit of lending money, *at usurious interest*, to the young men of great expectations at Eton College; thus securing both present and future *prey*. Happy shall we deem ourselves if by giving publicity to his infamy we rescue but a single youth from his destructive talons. The money is not only lent for the purposes of immediate advantage, but with the view of initiating his destined victims in habits of extravagance, and of attaching them to him, that he may more easily plunder them when they attain the age of manhood.

The following anecdote will give our readers some idea of his usurious talents. A young gentleman named B—ce, who had been robbed of every thing by him and his confederates, came to him one morning, told him he had lost a large sum the preceding night, and requested the loan of five hundred pounds. Our hero (*whose confederate had won the money*), pretended the greatest friendship and concern, begged him to be more prudent *in future*,* and pleaded inability to accommodate him as he desired, but observed at the same time that he would try what could be done if B—ce would give him his bill for *seven* hundred pounds, and thus actually persuaded the distressed young man to give two hundred pounds for the loan of five hundred, and moreover, unknown to B—, shared the money of which he had been plundered the preceding evening. B—ce is now in confinement, and, if we are not greatly misinformed, our hero has

* This was after B—ce had nearly lost his last shilling.

lodged a detainer against him for the amount of this identical bill.

Sir Henry L—tt is another of his victims.

Being once detected in the very act of cheating, he was soundly drubbed and kicked down stairs; when in the street he ran off, exclaiming "Well off! well off!" One of his companions asking him next day how he could cry "Well off!" after such treatment, he replied, "Because, I thought myself d—d lucky that they did not *throw me out of window and break my neck.*"

About twelve months since he sent for his mistress's sister, who was scarce sixteen years old, from Devonshire, and actually sold her for a considerable sum to a young married citizen, who, having been recently reclaimed by the amiable and sensible conduct of his lovely wife, has settled a small annuity on the unhappy victim of avarice and lust, and sent her into the country; our hero, however, has since endeavoured to obtain her again, that he may dispose of her to another purchaser.

Those who shall contemplate this hideous and faithful portrait, will scarcely believe it possible that the original should be admitted into respectable society—yet have we seen him beneath the roofs of many

> "Whose characters stand fair
> In public estimate."

Having thus delineated his mind, we shall conclude with a description of his person, that he may be known and shunned by all who have either money or reputation to lose.

This NOTORIOUS GAMBLER is about five feet five inches high; his figure greatly resembles *a frog*; his complexion is murky; his visage meagre; his nose always soiled with snuff; his manners particularly affected, and his whole appearance that of a conceited foreigner.

We have been given to understand that a *gentleman* of *imilar propensities* to the present object of our castigation, who has felt the smart of our lash, talks about commencing an action against us; probably Mr. ——— may in the first bullitions of his fury rashly do the like.

We, however, feel too strong in the justice of our cause to be intimidated by the threats of detected knavery, which, if carried into execution, we are every way prepared to meet, always keeping part of our artillery loaded with the most *heavy charges* in reserve, to encounter and *confound* our enemies, should they venture to give us battle in Westminster Hall.

MR. WARDLE AND THE WHIG CLUB.

"Et cantare pares, et respondere parati."

On Tuesday, the 11th of April, The Whig Club held its meeting at *the Freemason's Tavern*; when Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle, Esq. was proposed as a candidate for admission to the Club, the proposition was received with rapturous acclamations:—In good sooth, the member is worthy of the Club, and the Club is worthy of the member.

From the time that Edmund Burke wrote his luminous "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," this celebrated carousing society has felt its importance, as a political engine in the hands of faction, considerably decline. Awake, however, to the advantages that *might* still accrue to the party of opposition, from a body once thought respectable and consistent, (were it to retain any moderate share of popularity,) several ringleaders of Chalk-Farm and Copenhagen-House were, *some years*

ago, admitted to the honours of fraternity; and, with the same laudable object in view, *now*, G. L. W. Esq. is elected by acclamation to be a member of the grand confederacy. The design is admirable, the contrivance evinces ingenuity, and its execution we sincerely rejoice in. THE CLIMAX IS, HENCEFORTH, COMPLETE: and of the Duke of York's *Accuser* it will be recorded, in the lively words of Goldsmith on Mr. Burke, that he certainly mistook his *forte*,—such an event is within the indefinite verge of *possibility*, and

> "Though born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

We make this observation, on the supposition that Mr. Wardle was privy to his election; if, as the editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* broadly insinuates, the nomination took place without that gentleman's previous consent, we shall readily acquit *him* of any impropriety in the affair; but we must beg our readers, in general, to consider the deplorable finances of a *Club*, that thus hawks about its "honours of the sitting," and "thrusts them," as Falstaff says, upon *soi-disant* Patriots of the day.*

Who shall now dare to whisper the smallest breath of insinuation against the purity of Mr. G.L.W.'s motives and conduct. He is admitted a member of the Whig Club!!!

> No dread of future shame our hero knows;
> For Tooke and Thelwall charm him to repose.

* We are most positively assured that THE WHIG CLUB is at this moment indebted to its secretary *upwards of six hundred pounds sterling*. JOHN GREGORY, Esq. of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is well acquainted with the nature and amount of the interesting sum alluded to.—Verbum sat sapientibus.

RADICAL REFORM.

"We are told that there is, or ought to be, about every human body a certain part called the *crumena*, upon which depends the whole economy of the intestines. When the *crumena* is full, the intestines are in a correspondent state; and then the body is inclined to repose, and the mind to peace and good neighbourhood; but when the *crumena* (i. e. the *purse*) becomes empty, the sympathetic intestines are immediately contracted, and the whole internal state of the patient is thrown into *insurrection* and *uproar*, which, communicating itself to the brain, produces what a learned state physician calls the MANIA REFORMATIONIS, *and if this malady is not stopped at once by the help of an* HEMPEN NECKLACE, *or some other remedy equally efficacious, it never fails to break out into* ATHEISM, ROBBERY, UNITARIANISM, SWINDLING, JACOBINISM, MASSACRES, CIVIC FEASTS AND INSURRECTIONS."

Porcupine's (i. e. COBBETT's) *Works*, Vol. II. p. 8.

Our readers will perceive, from the motto we have selected for this article, that no man is more thoroughly acquainted with the cause, effects, and *cure* of the *Mania reformationis*, which rages so dreadfully at present, than William Cobbett, and the charitable reader will naturally conclude that his present attempts to propagate and increase the disorder proceed from his patriotic anxiety to convince the world of the efficaciousness of his remedy; like the quack who, having discovered an universal sanative, endeavoured to persuade his friends to suffer decapitation that he might, by *refixing their heads upon their shoulders*, prove the wonderful effects of his precious cement. We, however, most ardently wish, as *hemp*, in consequence of our war with Russia, is extremely scarce, that Dr. Cobbett would confine his experiments to *himself and his particular friends.*

We never approved of inoculation for the *plague*, and

beg to remind him that the physician who tried it upon himself fell a victim to his patriotic efforts.

As, however, the *mania of reform* has already infected a variety of persons, we shall resort to some of Dr. Cobbett's works for further information of its nature, tendency, and symptoms, which we particularly recommend to the attention of all those who, generously forgetting the *deserter* in the patriot, now applaud and admire him.

The following extracts will startle those who are only acquainted with his present opinions and practice, but if they will consider that they were written before Mr. Pitt had occasioned a revolution in his patriotic mind by refusing to admit him to his *confidence and table,** their surprize will in a great measure subside. It appears that the *Doctor* once thought prevention better than cure; but, he has long been convinced of the folly and unprofitableness of this *unmedical* opinion. Speaking of the Irish rebellion he thus describes the "CAUSES and SYMPTOMS" of the *mania reformationis.*

"Soon after the ever-to-be-regretted epoch when God, in his wrath, suffered the tinkers, butchers, harlequins, quacks, cut-throats and other modern philosophers to usurp the government of France, their brethren in Ireland, tempted by the successful example, began with wonderful industry to prepare for taking the government of that country into their hands. Their *meetings*, as AMONG US, produced *resolves* in abundance,† and good fortune

*In consequence, we believe, of his having discovered that Cobbett was the identical Sergeant Major of the 54th Regiment who brought false charges against his commanding officers, and then, to avoid the punishment due to his infamy, *deserted and went over to the French!!!*

† It is curious to read the names of the *respectable* persons who have signed the requisitions for the public meetings which have recently taken place. At the *head* of that addressed to the sheriff of Hampshire we behold A DESERTER of the basest description, who has the modesty to print his name, in *his own*

seemed for a time to smile upon them—the press was suffocated with their *addresses*, which were swallowed by the MOB *for whom they were intended*, with an appetite which generally characterizes that *class of citizens*," (COBBETT's WORKS, VOL. II. p. 98.)

We appeal to Messrs. Wardle and Co. whether these are not the precise symptoms of the malady which Dr. Cobbett is now endeavouring to spread by *inoculation*? Again:

"The *ostensible* object of the *united Irishmen*, like that of *all other* USURPERS, *from the beginning of the world* to THE PRESENT DAY, was A REFORMATION IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY!!! *Cobbett's Works*, VOL. II. p. 102.

"The eagerness of this *band*" (of *reformers*) "to obtain a participation in the trade of law-giving, was to be no more than an introductory step towards a *participation* in something else." (and is so at this moment, Doctor Cobbett, as *you must feel*) "Their great cause of discontent was, they *were poor, while some of their neighbours were rich*." Ib. VOL. II. p. 104.

Doctor Cobbett then proceeds to describe the mode of spreading the disease adopted by the *infected*, (for, like dogs in the hydrophobia, all reformers seek to impart their malady to their fellow creatures,) a method which, by the bye, he now practises himself. "They tell the lower classes of the community," says he, "*We* (*the reformers*)" wish you to enjoy *liberty*, without which no people was ever enlightened. We are told you are uneducated and immo-

Register, before any of his associates, who, however mean and despicable they may be, are certainly more respectable than a wretch who to gratify private malice "*maliciously* and *falsely* accused his commanding officers of flagrant crimes, and to obtain his iniquitous ends did not hesitate to deceive the CROWN, AND MAKE A MOCKERY OF PUBLIC JUSTICE."—And then, by the connivance of a traitor, fled his country and went to propagate Rebellion at *St. Omers!!* (Vide War Office documents relative to Captain Powell's Court Martial.)

moral, *we wish* you to be educated "(*a la Whitbread,*)" and your morality improved by the most rapid of all instructors—a good government. Examine *peaceably* and attentively the plan of *reform* we now submit to you," &c. "It is thus," continues Doctor Cobbett, "that the *ambitious troublers of mankind* ever find their way to the hearts of the lower classes of the community; they flatter their natural inclination, *which is ever to attribute their wants and misfortunes,* which are usually no more than the lot of humanity, or the natural consequences of their own idleness or profligacy, *to the errors or wickedness of those who rule over them.*" Ib. Vol. II. p. 105.

In page 34 of Vol. VII. Dr. Cobbett exclaims "I should think myself *the most stupid ass* that *ever browsed* a thistle, were I to doubt one moment as to *the unity of the object kept in view by all the tribes of reformers!!!*"

We shall conclude our extracts, for the present, with the following emphatic Appeal to THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, which the *Doctor* has repeated twice, namely, in a pamphlet published by him in 1799, (see his Works, vol. X. p. 410,) and in his *Political Register* of June 30, 1802. So that it appears he continued for *three years* in the same opinion, and would probably to the present moment, had not Mr. Pitt foolishly refused to eat and drink with a DESERTER.

"The ambitious knaves," (says he) "who flatter you," (the people of England,) "with high notions of your rights and privileges; who are everlastingly driving in your ears the blessings of what *they* call the elective *franchise,* wish to add to the number of electors, because they well know that they would thereby gain an accession of strength. The *only object* that such men have in view is the *gratification of their own ambition at the public expence;* and to accomplish this object they stand in need of *your* assistance. There is a continual struggle between them, and

the *legitimate sovereignty of the country which restrains them* from PILLAGING, OPPRESSING, AND INSULTING THE PEOPLE. *Hence it is that they are continually endeavouring to persuade the people that that sovereignty requires to be checked and controuled: in which nefarious endeavours they are but too successful.*"

Citizens, supporters of Sir Francis Burdett, whom this same *learned state doctor* once declared nobody would support but *thieves and knaves who were in dread of the gallows*,* we shall leave you to make your own comments; in doing which, however, it willbe necessary for you to recollect, that Dr. Cobbett in his Political Register of this day (April 22d) tells you "*that he has not been capricious* in *his opinions*," that therefore his *opinion*, whatever his *writings* (which are *mere articles of trade*,) may be, are the same now as formerly, and that his *hempen* method of curing the disease with which he is now endeavouring to inoculate you, though radical, is by no means pleasant.

We cannot conclude without recommending an attentive perusal of the foregoing wholesome extracts to Mr. W. A. Maddocks, who has given notice of a motion for a *reform in parliament*. We believe him (and him alone of all the reforming tribe) to be actuated by no other motive than a desire of benefiting his *country*, but we most earnestly entreat him to reflect, whether, by agitating such an important question at the present moment, he may not contribute to its destruction.

In our next we shall entertain our readers with some interesting facts relative to the meetings and *arrangements* of *Doctor* Cobbett and other reforming editors.†

* Vide Political Register, Vol. II.

† One of Cobbett's new confederates tells us "that reformation by act of parliament will do no good."—Not to Messrs. the *conspirators* certainly, for there would then be no *murdering of private enemies*, no *à la lanthern* business, in short, neither the pleasure nor *profit* of an *universal scramble*.

HALLETT's HUMANITY.

SIR,

I PERCEIVE in the list of Miss Taylor's subscribers the name of a gentleman who has recently purchased a large estate in the vicinity of Southampton,* and to convince the public that *humanity* is not the motive of that *ruined female*'s patrons, I wish to inform them, through the medium of the *Satirist*, that this liberal subscriber to *her* support, refused a few weeks before to *advance* an unoffending sister, who is, with her husband, a prisoner in the King's Bench, the sum of *ten pounds* to pay the physician's fees, who was then attending her in a dangerous illness; although he had it in his power to repay himself, being her trustee. She, alas! is a virtuous woman, and therefore, though his sister, must not expect to receive any assistance from the *benevolent* and *patriotic* Mr. HALLETT!

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
FRATERNUS.

Bath, April 14.

NEW EPODE.

MR. SATIRIST.

As I am convinced that the οἱ πολλοι, whose name is *Legion*, and who are so active about parliamentary reform, are quite as well versed in the Latin language as they are

* Query, Has he paid for it?

in the business in which they are now engaged, I have sent you a literary composition which may elucidate the subject through the medium of classical authority.

"I too am a Reformer," and as you may perhaps object to the scanning of some of the Latin lines, I must tell you that I intend to work a reform in the measure of odes and epodes, and to reduce dactyls, spondees, anapests, trochees, and all other feet to a common standard, by a process on the principle of Mr. Hoby's new invented boot-stretcher: Quod vide.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

P. PANGLOSS.

Ex. Cathed. A.B. D.D. A.S.S.
24th April, 1809. et Vet. Schol. Westm.

EPODE.

Quo, quo, scelesti ruitis, Quirites?
Ye state reformers, say, what are ye doing?
Cui bono, tantas excitare lites?
Your plan is not to work reform, but ruin.

Ah infelices! cepit vos dementia.
These factious demagogues will prove your curse,
Durum! sed levius fit patientia,
The times are bad, but riot makes 'em worse.

Non vobis integra lintea sunt, O cives;
Will Burdett find ye shirts as well as speeches?
Ver venit, at non diffugêre nives,
Will Whitbread give you either beer or breeches?

Nonne sentiatis, O pecudes rudentes?
Burdett and Whitbread are your ruin plotting,
Et cum, ope vestrâ, fiant hi regentes,
On the next gallows-tree, they'll leave you rotting,

Vah! ite procul, ite, O profani!
Give *your own naughty members* a purgation:
Seu pot-woblerii, sive oppidani,
Yourselves, not parliaments, want reformation.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. XI.

It is always with reluctance and pain that we lift our scourge against female delinquents, but the welfare of society requires that infamy in either sex should be alike exposed and punished: indeed, when we reflect on the baneful consequences which result from the dereliction of virtuous principles in the fair sex, and the influence which their example has upon the minds of the rising generation, we feel that we should be guilty of an unpardonable neglect of duty if we suffered their enormities to escape "unwhipt of Justice." Happy should we be, if we could survey the parterre of fashion, and discover no poisonous weed flourishing therein, like the pestiferous yew-tree which blights and destroys every beauteous flowret which attempts to blossom beneath its unhealthful shade.

Perhaps the unhappy Anna (unhappy we know her to be) may attribute her deviation from the paths of virtue to her early and sudden introduction into the briary maze

of fashion, without a mother or a prudent friend to restrain the ardency of youth, and direct her inexperienced steps. She and her sisters, while yet of an age which rather qualified them for the nursery than the drawing-room, were imprudently dragged from the peaceful shades of their paternal groves to revel in all the dissipations of the Irish court, during the viceroyship of the late Duke of Rutland. Young, beautiful, and innocent, they were flattered, caressed, married and ruined. Anna, though adored by her husband, soon grew tired of the monotony of matrimonial life. She sighed for variety, and, not contented with that which her own country afforded, she and her sister embarked for Italy, where kings and princes gratified their depraved appetites. Her conduct had such an effect upon her husband that he actually died of a broken heart: this melancholy circumstance made little impression on her unfeeling breast; she proceeded in her vicious career, with unabated ardour, till dissipation, age, and *notoriety* rendered her less attractive, and her favours less solicited: when she consented to become the wife and *procuress* of one of the most abandoned noblemen that ever disgraced the *English* and *Irish* peerage.—We have heard from good authority that it is stipulated in the marriage articles that his lordship shall be at perfect liberty to intrigue with whomsoever he may think fit, and that she enjoys no privileges as his wife but the right of bearing his coronet, and the possession of a splendid establishment.—She and her *step-daughter* are compelled to be on the most friendly footing with the prostitutes and by-blows of her profligate *Lord* and *Master*, and she actually consented, on a recent occasion, to stand sponsor to one of the latter. She not only tamely suffers, but (conformably to the terms of her marriage treaty,) endeavours to PERSUADE her female domestics to admit the embraces of her husband; and no woman who does not possess the

qualifications of youth and beauty is permitted to enter her service. Neither are her persuasions confined to her dependents, for his lordship has found her extremely useful in corrupting the minds of her female visitors, and preparing them for his lascivious and unprincipled attempts upon their virtue. And yet there are husbands and fathers who suffer their wives and daughters to be on the most intimate terms with this degraded woman. These disgraceful facts which we have related are no secrets—hundreds of our readers will confess their veracity, and, we hope, applaud our conduct in holding them up to public execration.

MRS. BILLINGTON AND THOMAS HAGUE.

MR. SATIRIST,

As a firm friend to the House of Brunswick, I admire and applaud your manly and disinterested endeavours to maintain the true dignity of all its illustrious branches: But, Sir, of what avail can your honest labours be, while their enemies are *rewarded* and thereby *encouraged*, by those whom they are known to patronize. Your spirited critiques on Hague's vile pamphlets have completely extracted whatever poison they might have infused into the public mind, and sunk their wretched author as low as even virtue could wish him—but notwithstanding this—notwithstanding he no longer possesses the power of injuring royal or private reputations, it appears that there are still persons weak enough to be intimidated by his threats. He was last week arrested by Mr. B—th, an eminent law-bookseller of Fleet-street, for a just debt of

very long standing, and liberated by a lady to whom in his diabolical pamphlet called '*The Royal Urinead,*' he applied every ignominious epithet which his malignity could suggest. Start not, Mr. Satirist, when I tell you the disgraceful fact, that the debt of this dastardly defamer of the DUKE of SUSSEX was actually paid by MRS. BILLINGTON !!

I am, Sir, yours,

A LOYAL BRITON.

April 18th.

BENEFITS EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. SATIRIST,

Although it is not customary either to admit advertisements or puffs into your entertaining miscellany, I trust you will not refuse to insert the following list of plays and entertainments which have been, or are to be, performed for the respective benefits of the gentlemen and ladies whose names are annexed.

Yours, &c.

Mr. Wardle.—"*Much ado about Nothing*" and the "*Beggar's* OPERA."—*Filch*, by Mr. Wardle.

Mr. B—dd—lph—"*Love's labour lost,*" and "*He would if he could.*"

Mr. W———n.—"THE PERJUROR," and "*the Smugglers.*"

Mr. T. H—e—"*The Informer outwitted,*" with "*A Wife to be let.*"

Mr. C—bb—tt—"*The Renegado,*" the "REGISTER OFFICE," and "*The Deserter,*" principal character in each by *Mr. C—bb—tt.*

Miss Taylor—"*The Chances*," and "*the* VIRGIN *unmasked*," the part of Don John by Mr. Wardle.

Mr. Sh—r—d—n—"*A new Way to pay old Debts*," with "*Raising the Wind.*"—Jeremy Diddler by Mr. Sh—r—d—n.

Sir F. B—rd—tt—and Lord F—lk—st—ne—"*The Accomplished Fools*," "*False Colours*," and the farce of "*The Cozeners.*"

Sir A— and Lord P—g—t—"*Seduction*," and "*The Divorce.*"

The Marquis of H—d—t—"*The Gamester*," with "*The Deserted Wife.*"

Mr. Wh—t—br—d—"*Revolution*," an historical play, and "*The Hypocrite.*"

Mrs. Clarke—"*The Revenge*," and "*Who is the Dupe?*"

Mr. M—d—cks—"*The School for Reform*," and "*False Impressions!*"

Mr. Gr—h—m—"*Management*" with "*Midas.*"

CRUMBS OF COMFORT, FOR LITIGIOUS KNAVES.

IT will be recollected, that on the 18th of February last, our publisher was prosecuted for a libel against the *fair fame and credit* of one Peter Finnerty, with the mention of whose name we have been too frequently under the necessity of disgusting our readers.—The jury, under the direction of the learned and upright judge who presided, valued the plaintiff's reputation at a *single shilling*, he having been proved to be the author of some mean and cowardly attempts to slander a gentleman connected with the *Satirist*, by posting libellous hand-

bills about the streets.— The miscreant, however, had the audacity, in the account of the action which he published, to state that a new trial would be moved for, and that he should then bring forward witnesses to prove that he *was not* the author of those bills: now although we knew to a certainty that he *was*, we did think it extremely probable that a man, who boasted of having stood in the pillory, might find, among his *respectable friends*, persons who would swear the contrary; however, the four first days of term have passed, and no motion for a new trial has been made, and what must be more distressing to Thomas Hague, William Cobbett, and the other conspirators, who had *magnanimously* determined to ruin *the Satirist* by prosecutions, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with that manly and rigid attention to substantial justice which has ever marked his conduct, certified last week, that Finnerty's action was FRIVOLOUS and VEXATIOUS, in consequence of which he will have the *gratification* of paying costs to a considerable amount. Whoever will take the trouble to read the trial, which is annexed to the end of Mr. Manners's pamphlet entitled VINDICIÆ SATIRICÆ* must highly applaud Sir James Mansfield's conduct.

MADAME CATALANI AND THE DRESS MAKER.

SIR,

SOME very illiberal falsehoods relative to the trial between *Jaymond*, dress-maker to *the Opera House*, and *M Valle-*

* Just published by Mr. Tipper, 37. Leadenhall-street, and sold by every other bookseller.

braque, Madame Catalani's husband, having been inserted in the daily papers, you will, I am certain, admit the following statement of *facts* into *the Satirist*, whose praise and censure are *not to be purchased*.

About two months ago, Monsieur V., without any previous notice whatever, was arrested for 120l. which was said to be due from him for dresses furnished to Madame Catalani, during the time of her performance at the Italian Opera,—having a written agreement which specified that all his wife's dresses shouldbe paid for by the proprietors of the Theatre, who employed Madame Jaymond, he of course defended the action, which was tried on Thursday the 20th instant, and the able Judge who presided, instead of saying he thought Madame Catalani ought to pay the money, as stated in the newspapers, reprobated the conduct of the parties who had advised the action and arrested Monsieur V., observing that although Madame Catalani might be rich, it was no reason that she should be compelled to pay the debts of others. A verdict was accordingly given for the defendant. Soon after the trial, *Jaymond* came to Monsieur Vallebraque, weeping bitterly, and declaring that the costs of the action would be the total ruin of himself and family, upon which Monsieur V. humanely and generously made him a present of an HUNDRED POUNDS, leaving him still at liberty to recover his debt from the proprietors of the Opera House. The man appeared quite astonished at this liberality, offered to go down upon his knees, and thank the donor for having, as he declared, rescued him from ruin, and departed uttering the warmest expressions of gratitude.

Judge then Mons. V.'s astonishment at receiving a letter last Sunday, threatening to publish paragraphs relative to the trial, in the newspapers, which would injure Mad. Catalani in the public estimation, unless he paid a further sum to

Monsieur Jaymond. Could any thing be more base than this ? Thank God, Mr. Satirist, it was not the act of an *Englishman.*—MonsieurV. immediately consulted with his counsel, Mr. Sergeant Best, who strongly expressed his indignation and advised him how to act. Some paragraphs of the threatened description having appeared, it is necessary that the public should know from what source they pr oceeded.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
W. R.*

April 26th.

ORIGINAL VERSES BY COWPER.

Sir,

As every thing written by the late William Cowper must be generally interesting, I send for insertion in your spirited publication, the following *jeux d'esprits* of that justly celebrated poet, which I believe have never yet been printed.

I am, Sir, &c.
P. L.

A party at Lord Macclesfield's agreed one evening to amuse themselves by drawing tickets, on which various vices were written, and they were thus turned into compliments by Mr. Cowper.

Vanity—Lord Macclesfield.

Be *vain,* my lord——you have a right
For who like you can boast this night,
A group assembled in one place
Fraught with such beauty—virtue—grace.

* We have enquired into the facts stated in this letter and have found them perfectly correct. The persons who instigated such conduct, are pretty well known and *shall be better.* Madame Catalani's talents and virtues are, happily for her, too transcendant to be injured by the petty artifices of her envious and malicious enemies.

Insensibility—Hon. Mr. Marsham.

Insensible can Marsham be!
Yes! and no fault we must agree—
His heart 'tis virtue only warms,
Insensible to vice's charms.

Inconstancy—Mr. Adams.

Inconstancy there is no harm in!
In Adams, where it looks so charming,
Who wavers, as he well may boast—
Which virtue he shall follow most.

Dissimulation—Mr. Conyers, who after drawing one vice which he did not like—changed it for another.

Conyers dissemble! let me see,
Would I could say it cannot be—
But he's a mere dissembler grown,
By taking vices not his own.

A blank was put in, which was drawn by the *Hon. Mr. Legge.*

If she a blank for Legge design'd,
Sure Fortune is no longer blind,
For we shall fill the paper given,
With every virtue under heaven.

Impudence—Hon. Mr. St. John.

St. John, your vice you can't disown,
For in this age 'tis too well known,
That impudent the man must be
Who dares from folly to be free.

Intemperance—Mr. Gerrard.

Intemperance implies excess,
Chang'd tho' the name, the fault not less,
Yet blush not Gerrard there's no need,
In all that's worthy you exceed.

Cowardice—General Cailland.

Most soldiers cowardice disdain,
Yet Cailland owns it without shame,
Bold in whate'er to arms belong,
He wants the courage to do wrong.

Celibacy—Mr. Fuller.

A married man cant't single be
This vice cries Fuller hits not me.
Guilty say all—for tis well known
He and his wife are truly one.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPIGRAM

ON POOR PATRIOTIC PETER FINNERTY'S HAVING TO PAY HIS COSTS IN THE ACTION BROUGHT BY HIM AGAINST THE PUBLISHER OF THE SATIRIST, WHICH THE JUDGE HAS CERTIFIED TO HAVE BEEN "FRIVOLOUS AND VEXATIOUS."

ONE shilling damage and one shilling cost,
Is all poor Peter gain'd— not all he lost;
For Peter since the judge was so ungracious,
To deem his action "*friv'lous and vexatious,*"
Must pay his lawyer's bill—or, should he fail,
He p'rhaps may rave for *freedom*—in a *jail.*
Be this reflection then the wretch's hope,
His *twelve pence damages* will buy—*a rope.*

MORE PATRIOTIC PURITY.

WE are particularly anxious that the deeds of our disinterested reformers should be known, and their own *purity* rendered conspicuous. We therefore insert the following genuine anecdote of that illustrious city demagogue, Mr. Waithman, with peculiar pleasure. About five years ago he added an adjoining house to his own,

by which means, No. 103 was omitted in the parish books, and he has availed himself ever since of this mistake, and paid *no poor's rate*. He has not been so successful in his attempts to defraud the tax gatherers, who took away a coach-load of his linen wares, in consequence of his having declared he had *no income*, and that he was ready *to make oath of it*: the next day, however, the patriot's hardihood forsook him, and he begged to have his goods back again, consenting both to pay his income-tax, and the expence of the seizure. This is one of the worthy *citizens* that Mr. Whitbread recently declared he wished to see in parliament, and it is that the nation may be *blest* with such legislators that he and his confederates are endeavouring to effect *a reform in parliament !!!*

It is also a notorious fact that the *disinterested* Mr. Waithman, during the reign of *All the Talents*, earnestly solicited the place of *Receiver-General* for the county of Middlesex, on terms which would have produced him nearly *ten thousand a year*. His neighbour and friend, Sir Richard Phillips, the modern PHŒNIX, is likewise an advocate for *reform !!!*

EPIGRAM

ON THE MOVER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL RESOLUTIONS.

Cried Giles, fresh from York, as he stood in the hall,
And heard the renowned Common-Councilmen bawl
Against princes and laws—"These do traitors appear,
"A curse vor zuch Counzilmen!—No GOOD-BE-HERE"!

CITY LITERATURE.

A *learned* citizen recently called at a certain literary institution, and asked the librarian if he had got *Tully's Offices?* being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed "I am d—d glad of it, I want to see what he says about the *Six Clerks OFFICE*" *!!!—A positive fact.*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Two volumes of Sermons. By the Rev. Sydney Smith, A. M. late Fellow of New College, Oxford; Rector of Foston, in Yorkshire; Preacher at the Foundling, and at Berkeley, and Fitzroy Chapels. Pages 436, 424. Octavo. London. Cadell and Davies, Strand. 1809.

These neatly printed tomes contain fifty little discourses, whose appearance undoubtedly evinces the diligence of their very fashionable compiler. Of Sermons like the present collection many readers may perhaps think we have already enough and to spare, but when gentlemen of extraordinary declamatory powers and acknowledged popularity condescend to print the dazzling rhapsodies of their pulpit, we must admit that our obligation to them is great: and moreover our gratitude is not a little enhanced, by the pleasing conviction that the duration of our theological entertainment lies *now*, entirely at our own option. Often have we pitied ourselves and others with sincere and sober sadness, as we listened (bewildered but unimproved) to the mellifluous trickle of a modish preacher's harangue; often have we, most ungodlily, wished that we had the command of the pretty wooden canopy over the garrulous orator's head, and could pop the extinguisher on a light, thus blazing away in vain. How different are our chastised emotions at the sight of

his book! At that comfortable vision all our inquietude ceases, and our curiosity alone is excited to know what *so fine a man* vouchsafes to tell us. We take up his farrago of portable divinity without fear, and we lay it down without regret: in the chapel, we are at his mercy; but in the closet, we have him snugly at our own. The change is most consolatory, indeed; and, *therefore*, we think a wearied public is wonderfully indebted to all such divines as the Rev. Sydney Smith, A. M. *late Fellow of New College*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. when, once for all, they send their lucubrations to the press: then, and then only, it may be truly said of their ingenious labours, in the words of Cicero upon another kind of study, that "*perfugium* ac *solatium* præbent; *delectant* domi, non *impediunt* foris."*

This eighteen shilling publication is charmingly variegated, and in our opinion bids fair to suit all ages and inclinations. For the old, there is METHODISM, Vol. I. 281: for the young, there is SEDUCTION, Vol. II. 409: for elderly ladies, there is a sweet essay *sur les plaisirs de la vie passée*, Vol. II. 281: for blooming misses, there are two delectable effusions, "about it and about it," as Pope says, *sur les égaremens du cœur et de l'esprit*, Vol. I. 155; 364: for the benefit of the former, there is a treatise on *The Fast Day, Feb.* 28, 1808, Vol. I. 89: for the accommodation of the latter, there is an *exposé* of the conveniences of *The Scotch Lying-in Hospital*, Vol. II. 325: the mammas are edified by the most comfortable assurance that "There is no example of fasting, *properly so called*, before the time of Moses;"† and the daughters are very significantly asked, "Why is not *the will of nature* to be discovered, recorded, and *taught* here as in all her other

* Oratio pro Archiâ poetâ. † Vol. I. 91.

operations?—Why avert from her *the patient eye of science*, when she gives a joyful encrease?"*

As it cannot be supposed, for a moment, that so profound a scholar as Mr. S. S. is ignorant [lamentably ignorant] of the rules of grammar,—although the "*Volumes*" under consideration might excite strong suspicion of this painful truth in minds less partial to the learned gentleman than our own,—We must believe, of course, the printer or the printer's devil to be alone to blame, whenever palpable blunders and unpardonable inaccuracies occur. In a second edition, (if ever, *which we much doubt*, a second edition shall be deemed desirable,) we humbly venture, with the utmost respect, to suggest the propriety of some little occasional alterations, at least, in the style. For instance, we cannot but think the following sentence, in Vol. II. 330, rather incorrectly *printed*: "Much as I love, and respect that jealousy of religious men in this country, *who watches* over the purity of morals *with parental caution*, I would, &c. &c." Perhaps Mr. S. S. may not himself immediately perceive "wherein the error lieth," but, we trust, the printer or the printer's devil aforesaid, will detect and remove it for him. We are aware of the soporific nature of this species of *dilettanti* publication, in some hands, and we can very charitably excuse greater faults upon so truly doleful an emergency.

The "SERMONS" will exactly suit the admirers of Mr. S.S.; they are light, flowery, romantic, superficial, and replete with entertainment. If they possess not the pith of Ogden, the strength of Sherlock, the grandeur of Tillotson, the ease of Atterbury, or the eloquence of Blair,—if they amuse rather than instruct, if they surprize rather

* Vol. II. 335.

than improve,—our divine need not despair; his little essays may yet find purchasers, even in despite of honest criticism. At any rate, he will find a satisfaction in his own breast, when he reflects on the pleasures of theological authorship, begun without sordid views of *interest* and worldly *ambition*, and ended without the gratification of *vanity*.—The reverend gentleman understands us, perfectly; and so it is hoped, by this time, do all our readers.

Europe: Lines on the present War. By Reginald Heber, M. A. London, Hatchard, Piccadilly; octavo, pages 32, price two shillings, 1809.

Of Mr. Reginald Heber we hesitate not to avow our honest presentiment, *in limine*, in the words of the nervous Warburton, that he is 'a promising young man, who prevents us from despairing of the quick revival of the poetic genius.'* Mr. H. (*we know*) is a gentleman, a scholar, and a christian; the first title is fully attested by the respectability of his family, the second by his reputation at the university of Oxford, the third by his exemplary good conduct hitherto, and the pious morality of his lucubrations. His 'Palestine,' was deservedly honoured with the Chancellor's prize. The present Poem, we predict, with confidence, will amuse every reader of liberal education and refined taste.

Our young Poet, conscious of strong mental powers, and scorning no less the vapid simplicity of Billy Wordsworth than the tinsel frippery of Tommy Moore, boldly assumes Dryden for his master; like the generous eaglet,

* Letters from a late eminent prelate to one of his friends. The second edition. 1809. Letter xxxii. page 71. bearing date 23d *December*, 1750.

just fledged, alert, and vigorous, that slights all minor fires, but fixes its first ardent glance with rapture on the blazing Sun.

The introductory lines Mr. H. modestly informs us, were composed in the park of Dresden, with the very feelings they attempted to delineate. They certainly breathe the very spirit of genuine sensibility, and we insert them in THE SATIRIST with great satisfaction.

" At that dread season when th' indignant north
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty ;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade ;
Yet slept not all ;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons and the wheels of war ;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum ;
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trod,
And the far-distant fife that thrills along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell ;
And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The shipboy's carol in the wealthy bay ;
But sweet no less, when justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.'

The lines which we have here chosen to print in *italics* are most happily expressed. The disastrous conclusion of King Frederic's campaign deprived the author of all wish to continue them, and they remained neglect-

ed by him till the eventful struggle which has drawn the general attention and sympathy of mankind to Spain: he was then induced to complete his picture. In a well written *preface* of four pages, Mr. Heber observes, that it was his endeavour to contrast the failure of a corrupt and arbitrary government with the magnanimous efforts of a great and generous nation.

'The idea, however, has been often laid aside, and often resumed, as his hopes were raised or disappointed; and he at length sends out his Poem to the world, if not to celebrate the triumphs of Spain and her ally, at least to check their despondency; to inculcate on the minds of his countrymen *a wise and manly exertion of our whole national strength, and a steady perseverance in a cause which he cannot but consider as our own.*'

Aware of the propriety of that rule in Horace's essay on *the art of poetry,* which prohibits the intervention of superior beings, unless upon extraordinary occasions, yet not forgetful of the success of a former attempt, Mr. H. represents himself as wrapt in a poetical vision, and hearing "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF EUROPE," utter the pathetic strains of his own sorrowing MUSE;

——"Far my footsteps stray'd
Wrapt in the visions of th' Aonian maid,
It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented eventide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song:—
But she of loftier port; whose grave control
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul;
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil;

That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind."

In an even strain of lofty poesy, the *spirit* proceeds to mourn over the destinies of fallen Europe, in consequence of the accursed French Revolution; and, with a bitterness of wrathful indignation, amply merited by the mean, temporizing, vacillating monarch of Prussia, thus apostrophizes that wretched sovereign:

"Oh! nurs'd in many a wile, and practis'd long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare;
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground:
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe."

To the worse than dastardly delays of the Prussian cabinet, at one critical period of time, and to the frantic impetuosity (aided by cold-blooded treason) of the Prussian staff, at another, may, no doubt, be attributed all the subsequent mischances of the allies and the rapid consolidation of the dominion of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. —*Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.* Austria and, alas! ALBION next come in for their due portion of censure. Let the warmest eulogists of "ALL THE TALENTS," muse over the following animated effusion, and parry its obvious implications, if they can:

"Why, when your northern band* in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and track'd their course with blood,

* The brave Russian army under the gallant general BENNINGSEN. The hero, we understand, is actually drawing up an account of that memorable, but ill-supported campaign.

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd?
And Albion!"—[Darker sorrow veil'd his brow]—
"Friend of the friendless—Albion! where wert thou?
Child of the sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
And the wild roaring waves a stern security.
But hope, not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
Freedom's lov'd ark, o'er broad oppression's tide;
If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony."

Mr. H. is a patriot of the good old school, to be sure, and would gladly see the devices of modern Machiavelism baffled and confounded. 'ALL THE TALENTS,' and their host of needy adherents, however, are pretenders to the accommodating morality of the new; and what care they for the salvation of Europe or the downfall of usurpation? To their purer ken no prospect shines so bright as the anticipation of possible return to power, profit, place, and pension; by their purer lips no victory over our foreign foes would be hailed with half the exultation which some of them now exhibit in their traitorous triumph over the best feelings of their virtuous, aged, and afflicted king. We shall not attempt to make any apology for the insertion of Mr. Heber's panegyric of the immortal PITT. He tells us, he has not forgotten, for he was at that time on the continent, the strong and almost inconceivable impression excited by that statesman's death. The lines are these,

"And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels power,
Whom, Earth applauded through her peopled shores
(Alas! whom earth too early lost deplores—)

Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold!
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu!
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O prov'd in danger! not the fiercest flame
Of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;
Not when, far-striding o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic *Treason* took his bolder stand,
Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread,
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a stronger power;
When the dimm'd eye-ball, and the struggling breath,
And pain, and terror, mark advancing death;
Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were her's alone,
Thy last faint effort her's, and her's thy parting groan."

The poet, in the person of the *Guardian Angel*, next moralizes on the sad vicissitudes that appear likely to ensue, and inveighs against the depravation of morals and the harlotry of modish fashions and frivolous pursuits.

"So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,
Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise;
And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And famine stalks along the purple field."

This train of thought naturally introduces a very pathetic expostulation with France, the prime mover of all these truly lamentable enormities.

The Poem then enquires whether any nations yet hold out, ready, and able to resist the progress of universal empire; it afterwards glances at the heroic efforts of Sweden, and, lastly, bursts forth with all the fire of inspiration, and the sweetest melody, loud, deep, majestic, and sonorous, in praise of the Spanish Cause, and concludes with a heart-thrilling Address to NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, thus:

"Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land;
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword;)
Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye;
Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.
No! By His viewless arm whose righteous care
Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer;
Who, Lord of nature, o'er this changing ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall;
Wondrous in all his ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone,*
And, rob'd in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destin'd road the march of years!
No!—Shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,
Or quench a nation's still reviving soul!
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire!
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea!—
But SPAIN, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free."

* We cannot admire this degradation of the Supreme Being to a wine maker.

As friends to the proper balance of power in Europe, we cannot behold NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE's gigantic aims at unlimited mis-rule without disgust; as lovers of our own matchless country, we cannot contemplate the character and conduct of the war in which she is actively engaged without anxiety; as moral men, we cannot reflect on many past and passing events without national humility, shame, and sorrow. Whatever meritorious publication, therefore, in prose or verse, tends, in our honest opinion, to support the principles of religion and morality, and the practice of duty,—whatever conduces to strengthen the lawful authorities in our own church and state, and to prop the menaced interests of civilized society in general;—in a word, whatever or whoever, in any shape or manner, promises fairly to advance THE COMMON CAUSE OF MANKIND,—such shall not fail to experience the zealous good-will of THE SATIRIST.—Mr. Heber has begun well, and we hail him accordingly.

I, bone, faustis avibus.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse. By the Rev. James Morrice, &c. in 2 vols. 8vo. White, Fleet Street, 1809.

We had occasion in a former number to notice a specimen, as it is called, of an * English Homer; in our remarks on which we entered into a short discussion as to the preference of rhyme or blank verse. No such discussion is required here, as every one must allow that bad rhyme and bad blank verse are equally unfit for a translation. Surely, after Cowper, another blank verse Iliad was as unnecessary as another rhyme one would be after Pope, both consummate masters in the several species of versifica-

* VOL. II. p. 271.

tion. Indeed the author saw this, but authors, like other sinners, are too apt to think a fault vindicated by being confessed, for he begins by telling the reader, that " in offering a translation of Homer's Iliad to the notice of the public, he feels it incumbent upon him abundantly to apologise; premising that it was begun many years since, and continued occasionally during a life of retirement as an amusement rather than with a view to publication."

This is all very well, and had the amusement, like the life, been still in retirement, no one could have blamed it; but the author proceeds. " By what motives he may have been induced to add one to the versions, which have been given in the English language it is not material to relate; nor if related could it be presumed that others should see in them sufficient reason for obtruding it on the world, what influence soever they might have on his own mind."

From the extreme facility of the composition of tolerably smooth blank verse, to a person of any ear for the cadence of English versification, it is possible to render the sense, nay almost the words, of any ancient Greek poet, with as much precision as the Latin prose, which generally accompanies the text, but the spirit is to be copied as well as the letter, otherwise the resemblance to the original will be more like that of a shadow traced on paper, than a portrait by the hand of a Titian or a Reynolds; it may perhaps please those who are acquainted with the person it represents, but will never be admired by others as a work of art.

As the work before us abounds with none of those bold figures and inverted phrases which are almost necessary to good blank verse, and which in unskilful hands are too apt to produce bombast, we did expect to see the sense at least, if not the exact words of Homer faithfully ren-

dered, but in this Mr. Morrice has been frequently deficient, nor will the excuse of the author's avail, that, "in the more difficult and obscure passages of an ancient Greek poet he may have either misconceived or misunderstood his author." This might be said by a translator of Pindar or Æschylus, but such passsges are rare occurrences in Homer, neither is it in such passages, but in those of the most obvious and easy construction, that we have to complain of a want of fidelity to the original. Had the author attempted to imitate the sublime energy of the heroic verses of Milton, we might have forgiven a deficiency of exact resemblance as we do in Pope's Homer, and have preferred a spirited translation to a servile copy; but the style of this work is seldom elevated above that of common prose, except by the occasional adoption of some Miltonic words such as '*nathless*,' and the obsolete word *spake* for *spoke*, which last is indeed rather biblical than Miltonic.

From the description of the commencement of the plague in the first book, we give the following spe cimen of the execution.

> "First the contagion to *inferior* beasts
> Confined, the dogs and mules alone destroyed,
> Then men a prey to his relentless ire
> Fell; and incessant burnt the funeral pile!"

This is obviously the cadence of rhymed not blank verse, and the word *inferior* is completely absurd, the last two lines with a little alteration would make a rhymed couplet which would give the exact sense and form of the original.

> "Men fell a prey then to his ruthless ire,
> He struck; incessant blazed the funeral pyre."

Is it possible to conceive more prosaic lines than these?

"And further, we appoint to this command
Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,
Or thee, Achilles, most renowned of men."

The abominable tameness of the verse, is however, the most venial fault of this passage. The sarcastic blazon of Agamemnon's command over Achilles, whom he calls the most terrific of mankind, is entirely lost, and what a miserable translation of πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν is *most renowned of men!*

What a beautiful line is this!

"Himself the *very* day we did embark
Thunder'd propitious."

In the celebrated simile towards the close of the eighth book, which has been so gloriously translated or rather paraphrased by Pope, the learned reader may be inclined to ask from what part of the original the author took the phrase '*deepening valley*;' the English reader will trace him at once in Ogilvy, Chapman and Pope.

"As yonder tower to repel the assault."

Is this a verse?

"Give but light, and in that light
Destroy us all;"

What a burlesque of the sublimity of the original!

"Jove sware the oath, and hurt himself *withal.*"

The reader will be satisfied with these specimens of verse, examples similar to which occur in every ten lines.

Considering how little, after Pope and Cowper, a new

version of Homer is a desideratum, truth compels us to say that the arrogance of this attempt can only be equalled by the miserable execution of it.

Introduction to an Examination of some Part of the internal Evidence respecting the Antiquity and Authenticity of certain Publications said to have been found in Manuscript at Bristol, &c. By John Sherwin, M. D. Bath, printed for Longman, Hurst, &c. 1809. pp. 137.

Of all the absurd compositions that it has been our unfortunate lot to review, this now before us seems *facile princeps*. This gentleman, like honest Dogberry, is much too cunning to be understood; this however is natural enough, as he obviously does not understand himself. Is it possible that the man who could call the compositions attributed to Rowley *correct and polished*, could for a moment suppose them written in the fifteenth century! and yet, as far as we can understand him, (for he is every thing but explicit) this seems to be his preponderating opinion. That in a work of this kind hardly four lines together of the poems should be quoted, is the strongest proof of Dr. Sherwin's want of candour in his inquiry, as the quotation of whole passages must have established beyond the power of prejudice itself, to dispute the impossibility of such verses being written before our versification attained its highest polish. As well might a Hebrew poem written in hexameter verse, with all the arrangement of quantity, accent and pause that is found in the Latin poems of the Augustan age, be supposed an original work of the age of Moses.

The author of this work, who is strongly infected with the mania of verbal criticism, lays great stress on Chatterton's not being able to explain properly the words he is

supposed to have used; this is also one of Mr. Bryant's favourite arguments, but is every boy who at Eton or Westminster engrafts a word from Horace or Virgil in his own verses always competent to give the exact sense of that word?

We have a curious illustration of this in a little Latin poem now lying before us, called 'Brontes,' a canto to the memory of Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, which the author with more industry than genius has collected out of all the Latin poets, from Lucretius to Claudian, printing the authorities at the foot of the page. When he warns the French of the danger of engaging the English hero, he does it in these words, '*Galle quid insanis*,' giving as an authority the same words from the tenth eclogue of Virgil, making a *Frenchman* of the Roman poet *Gallus*, as he also makes a Cyclops of his hero, whom he calls Brontes, and cites these words from the eighth Æneid as his authority, '*Brontes Steropesque*,' but surely we would not from this suppose it impossible they could be written by the person, whoever he may be, who published them.

But, the chief aim of the writer obviously is (and indeed he avows it) to detect the errors of Warton, Tyrwhitt, Miller and Bryant in verbal criticism, and this is no very difficult task, but to establish his own accuracy is not quite so easy.

On Warton, Dr. Sherwin is particularly severe, and talks with contemptuous indignation of the "high tone in which he expressed himself during the controversy," and perhaps he is right, for Warton could not but expose himself when he quitted the high 'vantage ground he had taken as an elegant scholar and a poet, to decide on the internal evidence by the general character of the poems, and descended into the morass of verbal criticism, in which he was as deficient as the Doctor seems to be in any perception of the genuine beauties of poetry.

Dr. Sherwin takes up several pages to prove that there is an old word, *blake*, which means yellow, and that even in Shakespeare when *black* is applied to the complexion it should be written *blake*, and as an instance of this a quotation from the Two Gentlemen of Verona is given:

'The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily tincture of her face
That now she is become as *black* as I.'

Here the Doctor boldly asserts that Shakespeare wrote *blake*. Is he so mainly ignorant of common-speech as not to know that a black man (especially before negroes were so much known in England) was frequently used for a man of a dark complexion? Would he propose the same emendation in another line in the same play,'

'*Black* men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes?'

Or how would he translate this line in Virgil?

'Quamvis ille niger quamvis tu candidus esses.'

Proud of his precious discovery, Dr. Sherwin proceeds, "we may now venture to read *blake*, yellow, instead of *black*, in Act III. Scene 2, of As you like it,

"All the pictures fairest lined
Are but *blake* to Rosalind,
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

"An explanation of the obscure word *fair* may be equally necessary," (*just so.*) "It means favour, countenance or features of Rosalind, *fair* being the contraction of favour into one syllable, the same as *wher* for whether, *nerr* for nearer, *ferr* for farther."

Heaven knows there is nonsense enough in the notes in the variorum Shakespeare, but this goes beyond them all, it out-Herod's Herod; *fair* is used substantively, and the opposition is exactly the same as in the above line of Virgil; among the Romans, as among our ancestors, the *blonde* beauty was preferred to the *brunette*, so much so by our ancestors that *fair*, exactly equivalent with *blonde*, is to this hour used for beautiful.

There is a very long dissertation on the word *swarthe*, in which the author is at much pains to prove that our ancestors did believe in the appearance of ghosts, and to prove that it was improbable that Chatterton should have known this. *Risum teneatis?* Nay, the Doctor has proved also, to use the words of Sir John Hill, "that the Greeks also knew this," and for this purpose he has quoted both Euripides, and Æschylus; as he has Plato and Pindar before, to shew that our ancestors acquired the habit of writing bad English from studying the Greek grammar. This proves his being able at least to transcribe from Greek writers, and to prove his impartiality as to a question of the accentual marks, as some of his quotations are accented, and some are not. Nay, he has carried this variety so far as to exhibit it in different words in the same line.

As this couplet from Ælla,

"I as a token of mie love to speak,
Have brought you *jubbes* of ale at night your *brayne to breake*,"

was the first part of these manifest forgeries (no matter by whom) shewn to the reviewer of this article, and which spoke instant conviction to his mind of their being so, he is very desirous of seeing the explanation of that phrase printed in italics, which we are told has eluded all the search of Bryant, Miller, Warton, Tyrwhitt, Pinkerton, Scott, and Southey, but which Dr. Sherwin pledges him-

self to give in a promised continuation of this work, and which is to prove beyond the possibility of refutation, the antiquity of the poems. But this desire, we fear, will not be satisfied, as we are apprehensive the bad taste of the public may induce them to say in the words of Macbeth, "Hold! enough!"

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pensylvanian Tale, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. (containing Gertrude of Wyoming, pp. 73,—Notes on Gertrude, pp. 20. and other Poems, (which have been published before) pp. 39.) Quarto. £1 5s. ! ! Published for the Author by Longman and Co.

We have before had occasion to lament that dereliction of honest principle, and that contempt for the good opinion of mankind, which pervade almost every class of professional authors. Even those who *claim*, like the writer now before us, the highest honours that literature can confer, and who venture to assume a title which was once supposed to imply all that was great, and generous, and noble, are not ashamed to become subservient to the dishonesty of "coney-catching" publishers, and to sacrifice conscience, honour, and reputation at the shrine of avarice.

Of all the attempts at literary swindling which have fallen beneath our notice (the lucubrations of Hague and Sedley always excepted) this is decidedly the most disgraceful, as well as the most impudent. The *fourberies* of Southey and Lewis sink into insignificance, when compared with the bolder depredations of Thomas Campbell. They are content at least with giving us a reasonable quantity for our money; their annual cargoes of absurdity have cost at least the trouble of manufacture, and a change from one nauseous drug to another, is more supportable than repeated doses of the same. But Mr.

Campbell has found out a more ingenious and easy method of composing poetical opiates than any of his contemporaries, and we are now about to give a critical analysis of their ingredients.

After a dedication to Lord Holland, a second title, and an advertisement, we at length arrive at the tale, and as the introductory stanza has afforded us an agreeable puzzle, and is really a very impartial specimen of those which succeed it, we shall extract it.

" On Susquehana's wild, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring,
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see th' Atlantic wave their morn restore—
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pensylvania's shore !"

It is commonly thought necessary that those who undertake to tell a tale, should have a *tale to tell.* This Mr. Campbell does not seem to have suspected, and if he did suspect it he has thought proper to think otherwise. Perhaps, however, we have mistaken the nature of a *tale,* which we had supposed to be a relation of extraordinary and interesting events, all tending to the same *denouement,* and calculated to impress some moral precept on the memory, to afford some amusement to the fancy, or to excite some natural emotion in the heart; we shall therefore present our readers with some account of the incidents, the descriptions and the characters, and leave them to judge for themselves.

The poem opens with a description of a place called WYOMING, " where happy shepherd swain had nought

to do," "But prune his autumn fruits, and skim the light canoe;" where the "wild deer arched his neck from glades," "and then unhunted" roamed; where "men from the blood of warring Europe sprung, were but divided by the running brook;" and where "the *blue-eyed* German chang'd his sword to pruning-hook."

We confess that we do not understand every part of this description. Of *skimming milk* we have heard, but *skimming a canoe* is an art with which we are unacquainted, and even, could the expression be sanctioned by authority, Mr. Campbell ought not to imagine that what may be forgiven in a production of considerable length, and in the writings of a man of genius, will meet with equal indulgence in a poem neither long nor excellent. "Wild deer arching his neck from glades," appears to us equally obscure and indefensible; and if "*happy blue-eyed* Germans," (see Tacitus,) really "spring from warring Europe's blood," we know not why Mr. Campbell should look upon a scene of carnage with horror or compassion. We had till now been accustomed to consider the hopes of Godwin, and the fears of Malthus as equally chimerical; but if this new way of propagating goodness, and multiplying the species be really practicable, we shall not despair of seeing both their hypotheses verified.

We are next favoured with a poetic rant about Highland emigration, and are told of certain "sires of empire yet to be," whom the fugitive Caledonians had taught "to plant the tree of life," (see Slawkenbergius de Arbore Vitæ) "to plant fair freedom's tree!" After this jacobinical nonsense, we are introduced to a sage called Albert, who was "their judge in patriarchal hall." (the patriarchal hall of Scottish emigrants in America!) This "gentle Pensylvanian sire," a widower, has a daughter called Gertrude, "whose parted ringlets shone in sim-

ple guise." Now it happened as the sire and daughter were sitting in "summer-tide," that an Indian approached them, accompanied by a little boy, who looked "like morning led by night!" The Indian informs Albert that he is the "foeman of his foe," that he and his companion, "with her child unbound, a lonely mother of the Christian land!" and that he, "the eagle of the tribe, had rushed with that lorn dove," the aforesaid *Master Morning*. This young gentleman is found, by the account of the savage, and by the help of a token to be Waldegrave, Albert's "old boon companion's child." Mr. Night, now dignified with the name of Outalissi, sings a song, and takes his departure, and so ends the first canto, consisting of twenty-four pages, and two hundred and fifty-two lines.

CANTO the SECOND opens with an account of what he guessed, and what he did not guess. He guessed that woods and rivers were endowed with sensibility, but he did not guess that "fields that were a luxury," could be lost on "*a soul looking from a face!*" Yet it very strangely happens that he doubts what he did see, and is certain of what he did not see. He then talks of everlasting, (we suppose he means perennial) aloes. We are next informed that there was "*at times*, a deep untrodden grot, where oft the *reading* hours sweet Gertrude *wore*." The first of these lines intimates pretty plainly that the grot was sometimes to be found, and sometimes disappeared. In the second line for "*reading hours*," we were at first inclined to substitute *Reading hose*, but remembering the general accuracy of Mr. Bensley's press, we relinquished the conjecture, and were obliged to rest in doubtful admiration, for though we have heard of ladies who wore invisibles and ridicules, yet we confess that we did not suppose any of them to be in the habit of wearing

intervals of time, and spaces of sixty minutes! Perhaps he remembered Gray's description of "the rosy-bosom'd hours" in fair Venus's *train,* and mistook her *train* for the sweep of her *robe*; but we beg leave to suggest that the allusion is rather obscure. The grot is next converted into a valley. On a certain memorable day, as Gertrude is sighing, and laughing, and weeping, a young man approaches her with his horse's bridle under his arm, he asks her for her father's house, she points her finger, and then follows him. Albert makes a speech. Gertrude exclaims, "It is! It is!" &c. and the stranger, who "his face had *hid,* but could not hide a tear, a smile, upon his cheek that *dwell,*" turns out to be Henry Waldegrave. The father makes another speech, and Henry and Gertrude are married!

If the reader should be tempted to enquire what had become of Henry between his first and second appearance, what he had been doing, or why he resolved to settle in America, we must be compelled to answer that we cannot tell, as the author has not chosen to inform us. It comes out indeed after his return, when but twelve years old, he was "by kindred sent far o'er the sea," but we are acquainted with no circumstance of his life between this period, and his marriage. So much for *Canto the second,* containing about two hundred and twenty lines, and occupying sixteen pages.

The incidents of *Canto the third* are easily enumerated. Albert and Gertrude are killed by ambuscade, in a place to which they had fled with Henry for security against the violence of the Indians. Henry falls flat upon the ground and Outalissi sings a song! Such is the catastrophe or *denouement!* The space devoted to the detail of these interesting incidents amounts to twenty-six pages, containing three hundred and fifty lines.

And is this the plot? our readers will exclaim. We answer in the affirmative. But are there no beauties of description, no felicities of diction, and no force or elegance of sentiment, to compensate for its barrenness and imperfection? Is he never lively or spirited, or pathetic, or sublime? Are his characters neither strongly marked, nor skilfully supported; his bursts of passion never happily and forcibly elicited? To these questions we are sorry to answer that his descriptions are tedious, unmeaning, and inaccurate; that his language is in the highest degree pedantic, obscure, and incorrect; that the few sentiments he utters are absurd, or common place; and that the characters of Albert, Gertrude, and Henry, are only peculiar for their insipidity, and Outalissi's for its unnatural *monstrosity*.

We do not venture, indeed, to assert that our account of the plot is perfectly correct, for Mr. Campbell has contrived with laudable ingenuity to involve the few incidents it contains in almost impenetrable obscurity. "Something," says Dr. Johnson, "should be left to the *imagination* of the reader." This, Mr. Campbell knew, and to this he has conformed. Of the marriage of Gertrude and Henry, for instance, we have no suspicion, till we find them, a few lines after the conclusion of Albert's speech of gratulation on Henry's return, in *bed together*, and knowing that this was a circumstance not likely to happen to a bashful boy, and modest maiden, without the sanction of the priest, we naturally supposed that they were married; but our inability to comprehend the plot does not so much proceed from Mr. C.'s perplexity of arrangement or confusion of idea, as from the palpable obscurity of his language. As a proof of this we shall give part of Henry's speech to Gertrude on his return, and the stanza immediately succeeding.

XXIV.

" Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's power, than own
Her pomp and splendour's lavish'd at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—*to please*—
Give me thy love than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.

XXV.

" Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon—
While here and there a solitary star,
Flushed in the dark'ning firmament of June,
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;
For never did the Hymenean moon,
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray."

In our second-sight review of Mr. Scott's Mac Arthur, we quoted a stanza, which informed us that on the guest's scenting the savoury odour of a pigeon-pye,

" Every eye was turn'd to see
What such a goodly smell might be."

To *see* a smell is sufficiently poetical, but for a lover to request his mistress not to *turn away her breath*, is the very acmè of sentimental delicacy, and figurative sublimity.

We entreat some of our correspondents to favour us with their solutions of the following stanza:

STANZA II. BOOK I.

"It was beneath thy skies that but to prune
His autumn fruit, or *skim* the *light canoe*,
Perchance along thy river calm, at noon,
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel in the gloom of forests brown,
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new,
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down,
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town."

Such is GERTRUDE of WYOMING, a poem so laboriously dull and systematically ridiculous, that every line might exemplify the precepts of Scriblerus, and every canto afford a sufficient variety of materials for another Baviad.

Fatigued with laughing at his absurdities, and exploring his obscurity, we gladly proceeded to the notes, in the hope that however he might be deficient in the art of poetry, he might at least be able to communicate some novel or interesting information. But this part of his book is merely composed of a description of the Mock Bird from Ashe's travels, a note on the belts of Wampum, from the History of the Five Indian nations, and a specimen of an Indian speech from Jefferson's notes on Virginia, with other information equally curious and important, extracted from books equally rare, and equally excellent.

But there was still some hope remaining. The title of "*other poems*" renewed our expectations, but we found on examination that few of them were good, and none original.

Mr. Campbell will, no doubt, be inclined to accuse us of harshness and injustice. For our justification against

charges such as these, we appeal with confidence to his present volume, which is infinitely more dull than any of his former productions, and though Mr. Campbell may have enjoyed "*The Pleasures of Hope,*" on its first appearance, we fear that the good sense of the public will soon condemn him to experience the *miseries of disappointment.*

Observations on the Proceedings and Report of the Special Medical Board, appointed by his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, and the Right Hon. the Secretary at War, to examine the State of the Army Depôt Hospital at the Isle of Wight; interspersed with Proofs of gross Misrepresentations contained in various Publications by Dr. Jackson. By Thomas Keate, Esq. F.R.S. Surgeon-General to his Majesty's Forces, &c. pp. 155. Hatchard. 1809.

We regret that we have neither time nor space to enter into a minute examination of this perspicuous and interesting pamphlet. It contains much important information, many shrewd remarks, and some most severe and (as far as we are enabled to judge,) just strictures on the conduct of Dr. Jackson, and others on the medical staff, which, as Mr. Keate supports most of his assertions by authentic documents, we think they will find it extremely difficult to rebut.

We have been obliged to postpone reviewing several works, which have been sent to our office, and among others Mr. Blair's ingenious and satisfactory defence of the London Female Penitentiary House.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

The DRURY LANE COMPANY exhibited at the LYCEUM on Friday night the 21st of April, a new Comedy, called "The Folly of grieving:" it is said to be written by a gentleman of the name of Lee, who, if the Prologue may be depended on, is a man of fortune, and has presented the drama *gratis* to the Company.

From this circumstance probably it was received with more applause than its intrinsic merits would have entitled it to. Though there certainly is more of merit than of originality in it, as most of the characters, sentiments, and situations have long since obtained applause from the public. There was also another source of applause which we marvel escaped the pen of the licenser, viz. strong and frequent allusions to those events which have of late too strongly agitated the public mind.

The most prominent characters in the first and second act, for new ones appear continually as the play proceeds, are an undertaker who had been a player, and a tailor, married to a woman of quality and knighted. The undertaker is a copy, and a vile one it is (though Bannister made the most of it,) of Pangloss in the 'Heir at Law,' perpetually quoting passages from Shakespeare, as Pangloss does from various writers, and giving the name of the play exactly in the same tone and manner as Fawcett did the name of the author. The *knightly* tailor, Sir Oliphant Cypress by name and title, chooses, for what reason does not appear, to be very mournful for the death of his lady, and has her portrait placed in a room hung round with black, before which he declares it to be his intention to kneel the whole night; he

is however detected in offering his adoration to another idol, by the unexpected entrance of a servant, who discovers him kneeling to a young woman who had gained admission to him. The surprise of Sir Oliver on this occasion, and his spinning round on his knees from the idol of flesh and blood to that of canvas, is the most laughable incident in the piece.

This fair object of the knight's homage is the supposed daughter of an Irish farmer, for no piece can go down, without Johnstone as an Irishman. This Hibernian agriculturist has ruined himself by minding fox-hunting more than his farm.

The supposed daughter has a sentimental lover, a most insipid character; but it would puzzle the most accurate dramatic critic to determine whether it derives its insipidity more from the writing of Mr. Lee, or the acting of Mr. Holland.

The next character that appears is a Lord Mortimer in disguise; and his dress is made very proper for a country retirement, by the consistent costume of a dark old coat and an opera hat. It is here also a doubt which has been the most happy, the author or the actor, the former in blending the two parts of Penruddock and the Stranger, in Lord Mortimer; the latter, Mr. Siddons, in so well mimicking the voice and manner of his uncle. Lord Mortimer is however more lucky than either of his archetypes, for he *recovers* his wife alive and chaste, and *discovers* his daughter in the supposed child of the Irish farmer. Here the *denouement* seems complete, but the poet fearing the piece, which was already too long, would not be long enough, has introduced an incident which adds nothing to the interest though it does to the length of the piece. When will dramatic poets learn to study the maxim of Hesiod, which tells us that "half is better than the whole?" Sir Oliver has a son by a former marriage who informs the theatrical undertaker of a design he has on the Irish farmer's daughter, and desires his assistance in accomplishing it; of this we have no more till the last act, when the young man tells the undertaker he has a chaise in waiting to carry off the young woman. He

goes out for that purpose, and Lord Mortimer comes in to speak a soliloquy in which he is interrupted by the cries of a female, and runs out to assist her. A combat ensues behind the scenes, which the undertaker comes in very opportunely to describe (in a soliloquy likewise) to the audience, in which this son of a tailor though he has pistols, is defeated by the peer who has only a cudgel.

How far the drama may be improved by being considerably shortened, we are not competent to say, as we shall hardly be induced to witness a second representation; but we must add, in justice to Mr. Bannister and Mr. Dowton, that they made as much of the parts of the knight and the undertaker, as it was possible to make of them.

No novelty has been produced either at the OPERA HOUSE, or by the *Covent Garden Company.*

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney; By Thomas Zouch, D. D.

"We regret exceedingly that our limits will not allow us to give any more specimens of this *most* instructive, *entertaining*, and interesting work."—Literary Panorama.

"Though this picture *wants that glow* of chivalry which characterized the original, yet it is an IMPARTIAL and *correct* representation."—"The praise of *authorship* is inferior to this; though we consider Dr. Zouch to be entitled not only to high moral encomium, but to a *considerable share of literary praise.*"—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"Three volatile pages of [Lord Orford's] petulance have provoked the ponderous quarto before us. Though we are willing to censure his lordship for being much too brisk, we do not see that therefore we are to excuse his antagonist for being *much too saturnine*.—These and other facts which Dr. Zouch seems *purposely to conceal* in his PERPETUAL PANEGYRIC, are surely of importance.—Here we find the fault which prevails *throughout this work*; an *indistinctness of description*, which loses itself in what we may term the volubility of the pen. Had the author freed himself from some of this *redundance of language*," &c. "The author is never satisfied with telling all he knows, for he seems oppressed by a *flux of phrases*."—Quarterly Review.

---

2. Exposition of the Practices and Machinations which led to the Usurpation of the Crown of Spain; by Don Pedro Cevallos.

"This statement is *full* of curious and important details, which *throw considerable light* on the character of Buonaparte; and on the falsehood, fraud, and violence, which he practised in order to get possession of the crown of Spain."—Critical Review.

"This long-winded exposure teaches us *little or nothing that we did not know before*."—Annual Review.

---

3. A Sermon preached at the second general Visitation of the Bishop of Rochester, at Tunbridge, July 10, 1807; by the Reverend Phillip Monypenny.

"Mr. Monypenny has chosen a very important subject; and one more fit for a set of discourses, than for so short a sermon as that now before us; and yet *much praise* is *certainly due to him*, for having said so much in so short a compass.—As Mr. Monypenny has *expressed himself very happily* upon this head," &c.—British Critic.

"—It is curious to observe a preacher so *dexterously* take the *wrong* causes, when it seemed almost inevitable for him to take the right, the first two are precisely as *absurd*," &c. "Not contented with exhibiting his *inability for original composition*," &c. "If we have misunderstood Mr. Monypenny in any case, we beg him to excuse us, in consideration of a strange and unaccountable drowsiness that came over us while perusing his sermon: *he* must be *well aware* how *difficult* it is to *form clear ideas* when one reads or *writes between asleep and awake*."—Eclectic Review.

---

4. Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a new Edition of her Poems, &c. by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, her Nephew.

§ "This *excellent* and *exemplary* woman," &c.—European Magazine.

"These memoirs will please and edify by the exhibition of *unsullied virtue*," &c.—"This *good* and *enlightened* lady, &c."—"The *amiable gentleness* of Mr. Carter's manner, her *winning benignity*, her *mild temper*, and her *modest diffidence*, combined with *so much* real erudition and *undissembled worth*, procured her many friends; and few have deserved more. In her moral constitution, the *elements of virtue* were so *kindly tempered*, that *no part* was either *scanty or redundant*. Of few women can it be said with more truth that they have been *both good and wise*."—Critical Review.

"The perusal of this volume has left on our mind a *very pleasing* impression of Mrs. Carter's *disposition*."—Oxford Review.

"Of *so much goodness*, *so much religion*, *so much humility*, *serenity*, *content*, *candour*, *and benevolence*; of *sentiments so*

---

§ The sectional marks, §, distinguish the different classes in which the critical extracts are arranged, according to the particular subjects discussed in these.

cheerful, hope so constant, and love of human kind so undecaying, we *know* NOT where to look for ANOTHER *instance.*" Monthly Mirror.

" Mrs. Carter was, no doubt, a woman of great learning; but when that is allowed, in our opinion every thing is allowed; beyond her Greek and Latin, she does *not* appear to us to have been *distinguished* from TEN THOUSAND females whose lives deserve as much to be recorded. She had a *host of old woman's prejudices* about her."—" Such traits Mr. Pennington should have thrown into shade: they represent his relative in the character of a *parsimonious old woman,* who preferred living at any person's house rather than her own. Her receiving private pensions from Mrs. Pulteney and Mrs. Montague, was *another mark of littleness* that *sinks considerably* the *moral character* of Mrs. Carter. From one of her letters we learn another instance of *selfish parsimony*:—oh, *mean and disgraceful* conduct! *such littleness lowers her most lamentably.* A more complete trait of an *obstinate old woman* we would not desire to have."—Universal Magazine.

" Her *person* was *not unpleasing.*"—Monthly Review.

" Mrs. Carter was *far from being handsome.*—Her *figure* was *not good.*"—Critical Review.

§ " In 1763, Mrs. Carter travelled on the continent, and at a subsequent time repeated her visit. Her *letters,* during both these periods, to her friends in England, are *judicious,* and *frequently amusing.*"—Eclectic Review.

" Her descriptions of her travels to Spa, and the objects and persons that she encountered both there and on the road, form a *very pleasing* journal."—Monthly Review.

" Mrs. Carter wrote many letters during her travels: they are *sprightly,* intelligent, CANDID, and *in every respect honourable* to their writer."—Annual Review.

" Her letters on her journey to and from Spa are *full* of the *querulousness* of an English traveller; EVERY THING is

vile, ond *odious*, and *hateful*.* Foreigners *justly ridicule us for this excessive nationality*."—Universal Magazine.

§ "These pieces[Mrs. Carter's *communications to the Rambler*] seem most *admirably adapted* to the work in which they were at first inserted; and we have no doubt, when Dr. Johnson lamented the paucity of correspondents to his Rambler, but that he *sent many a sigh after such articles* as those contributed by Mrs. Carter."—European Magazine.

"She herself never said, nor apparently thought, better of her poems, than that they *could do no harm*. The few *papers* she wrote for the *Rambler*, can claim *no greater merit*.—Annual Review.

§ "The general execution of the memoir is creditable to the writer's *industry* and *good sense*."—Eclectic Review.

"In giving this volume to the world Mr. Pennington has had *little to do* as an author, yet that little we *cannot say*. he has *done well*."—Universal Magazine.

§ "Mr. Pennington has executed his task with *talent* and impartiality."—Monthly Mirror.

"—Mr. Pennington too writes a great deal of *twiddle-twaddle* criticism about Churchill. Oh! 'tis irksome to think of such *fatuity*."—Universal Magazine.

§ "There are *too many letters* introduced which *contain nothing new or interesting*."—Oxford Review.

"A *vast number* of the letters have *neither use nor ornament*."—Monthly Review.

"Through the whole of this work Mr. Pennington has properly introduced Mrs. Carter as her own biographer, with a

---

* "*Odious* and *hateful*:" who will talk of synonymy after this? A certain living historian writes "*high* and *lofty*," a hundred times.—SATIRIST.

† *Exempts*; so in the original;—but the methodist parsons (the doers of the Eclectic Review) would make little account of this; it has often been remarked, that the modern *gifts* of the spirit seldom include *grammar*.—SATIRIST.

delicacy and a *judgment* that exempts† him from the censures which are too often due to publishers of private correspondence.—Eclectic Review.

"It is to be *regretted* that Mr. Pennington has considered himself under much *restraint* with regard to the publication of her letters. The excellence of those which he has given, render the *suppression of the rest a serious loss* to the literary and moral world."—Monthly Mirror.

§ "Were we to follow the bent of our own inclinations, which is to afford to our readers as much *instruction and* ENTERTAINMENT as possible, we should certainly quote *more than half this volume.**—The many eminent and amiable characters that are drawn forth; the variety of anecdotes to be found in it; and above all, the excellent moral system, deduced from the most dignified examples, which it inculcates, renders† it in our opinions, *inestimable.*"—European Magazine.

"It is astonishing what a *paucity of information* there is in the volume‡ before us.—Such expensive publications, composed of such DULL and *wretched materials*, decked out with the name of a life, when in fact the life is the least part of the volume, are a sort of *literary depredation*, against which we will never fail to raise our voice."—Universal Magazine.

---

5. An Address to the Chairman of the East India company, occasioned by Mr. Twining's Letter to that Gentleman; by the Reverend John Owen.

"We are concerned that the length of our article," &c. "prevents us from paying that attention to Mr. Owen's address, which its *merit* demands. We condole with him on having had in Mr. Twining an antagonist so little worthy of

---

* The second edition, in two volumes octavo, is here spoken of.—SAT.

† *Renders:* so in original.—SAT.

‡ The first edition, in one volume quarto.—SAT.

his *prowess*; for while the *ability* of Mr. Owen's performance would have secured him a triumph," &c.—Eclectic Review.

"[Quotation.] This is *really beyond any thing* we ever remember to have read. The *hoy*, the *cock-fight*, and the *religious newspaper*,* are *pure reason* when compared to it. The misfortune is, that all *extra superfine persons* accustom themselves to a familiar *phraseology* upon the most sacred subjects, which is quite *shocking* to the *common* and inferior orders of *christians*."—Edinburgh Review.

---

* These three topics, we apprehend, allude to some of the extravagant and disgusting enterprises of the methodists. The first, as probably most of our readers know, refers to their actual establishment of a *methodistical Margate hoy*; to be distinguished as a *chosen vessel* by continual praying and psalm-singing on board, and by the *sailors* using only "the *language* of the *land of Canaan!*" We are not acquainted with the particulars of the second *humbug*, (we speak of such projects as, what they notoriously are, mere pecuniary speculations for taking advantage of weak minds). As to the third, the *saints* have *at last* mustered courage enough to carry into execution their *long-threatened* scheme; and accordingly, with the beginning of the present year, appeared a new weekly paper called the Family Gazette. This imp of darkness was so eager to display its cloven foot, that it may be said to have thrust that part foremost into the world. In the very prospectus announcing its future appearance, we are told that "that bias, unfavourable to the interests of *truth*, which has formerly disgraced certain classes of monthly publications, has happily met with a check;"—meaning, gentle reader, by the aforesaid *check*, the *Eclectic Review!* But there is still further evidence on this point. Of a hundred and fifty newspapers published in the kingdom, this famous gazette is the only one that takes no notice of theatrical entertainments;—but then, to be sure, we have in return, a special intimation given in the first number, of a lecture to be delivered at the Surry Institution. Oh, the *Surry Institution!* with the great *Doctor* Adam Clarke at the head of it; that *most populous* man among the *elect*, and the sworn foe of *pigs* and *pig-tail* (pork and tobacco)! The Family Gazette professes to "exclude most scrupulously from its pages, whatever is indecorous or contaminating." What, we would ask, can be more *indecorous* than puffs of methodism and methodistical establishments? *What can be more* CONTAMINATING?

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—SHAKSPEARE.

6. Patriotic Sketches of Ireland, by Miss Owenson.

"It is impossible to applaud too much the spirit of this work: an intention more laudable never occupied the pen of any; nor perhaps, upon the whole, could it be accomplished by any with more *grace* and vigour."—Universal Magazine.

"The *continual frippery* and *pomposity* of our author's language, with its *grossly incorrect construction*," &c. "In various parts of these volumes the fair writer takes upon her to play the *infidel*; not with any thing like feminine diffidence, but with a *right bold Amazonian face*."—Eclectic Review.

—"This is worthy the perusal of a *true christian*, and seems, notwithstanding all the *calumnies* uttered against Miss Owenson *upon religious points*," &c.—Beau Monde.

---

7. Oxoniana.

—"In this point of view we find Oxoniana exactly what it ought to be; a collection of anecdotes respecting this illustrious university and its members," &c. "The grave and venerable masters and doctors *will delight* in this pleasant vehicle, to refresh their memories, or to increase their stores of academic knowledge."*—Oxford Review.

—"*Nor will the graver* residents at the university receive the work with particular *complacency*."—British Critic.

---

8. A Treatise on Insanity, by Ph. Pinel; translated from the French, by D. D. Davis, M. D.

"M. Pinel has *conferred an obligation* on the *medical profession* in general, and on the *dearest interests of society* at large, not only in his own country, but *throughout Europe*, by contributing his *thoughts* and *information*, (and they are

---

* We can make nothing of this metaphor of the *vehicle*, with the affair of *refreshing*, and *increasing stores*. A former part of the sentence, indeed, speaks of "*having a taste* of the Oxoniana," and "devouring *the contents*;" but even this does not assist us.

the result of *very profound attention*, as well as *enlightened* philanthropy) on this very momentous and alarming evil. It is not perhaps too much to say, that in his small volume is comprised *whatever of luminous elucidation* can be wished in arrangement, *whatever of various intelligence* can be imparted, by a *choice selection* of facts and symptoms, and *whatever of ingenuity* from *superior genius and skill*, in developing the progress of this dreadful malady."—Oxford Review.

"We do NOT think this book is of MUCH VALUE; as we believe it would be difficult to find in it *one single idea* possessing the two recommendable qualities of *novelty and importance.* Any one who is familiar with our English treatises upon this subject, will receive but a *slight accession* to his *knowledge* by reading the treatise of M. Pinel. Although we have read the book more than once, we find it difficult to explain how M. Pinel could manage to *spread so little matter over so large a surface.* The book is copiously sprinkled with short chapters, in which the author *proses a great deal*, but in which we can find *nothing but French exclamations and French grimace.*"—London Medical Review.

---

9. A Sermon on the Translation of the Scriptures into the Oriental Languages; preached before the University of Cambridge, May 10, 1807: by the Reverend Francis Wrangham.

"We are disposed to regard this sermon as a display of *brilliant oratory*, rather than a body of sound argument."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Wrangham has in this instance outgone himself in *metaphorical inflation* and *bombast.*—Such is the outline of this preacher's plan. But, for the *language* in which it is conveyed, it *surpasses all example in extravagance.*"—British Critic.

Comparative Criticism Extraordinary! No. V.

Sibi constet!—HORACE.

That *each from other differs*, first confess:
Next, that he *varies from himself no less*.—POPE.*

The fashionable World reformed, by Philocosmos.†

"If we meet with no very profound remarks in this little volume, there is in it a *respectable portion* of *good sense* and *judgment*, and *very suitable admonitions*, concerniug the regulation of conduct at *church*," &c.—British Critic, for November, 1807.

"This project for reforming the fashionable world is attempted by *means perfectly inadequate* to the purpose. The tract indeed consists only of reflections on comedy," &c. "and, what is *most extraordinary*, on *politeness in religion!* and all these treated in so *very slight and superficial manner*, that it is difficult to imagine what could have induced the writer to throw the whole into the form of a book. If it be *even the first attempt* of a *very juvenile writer*, we *cannot say* that it gives *much hope* or *promise* of distinction: if it proceeds from one more advanced, he ought certainly to *refrain* in future *from the use of pen and ink*. The title was probably chosen as attractive, but it *has little to do with the contents* of the publication."—British Critic again, for March, 1809.‡

---

* Moral Essays: Epistle 1.

† This work has also been noticed in the *ordinary* Comparative department of our Ninth Number (Vol. 2. p. 443.)

‡ Without any prejudice against the British Critic, which on the contrary we think not inferior in general respectability to any monthly publication of

the same kind, we must yet declare that an impartial examination has shewn us that this journal is, to say the least, in some points *very ill managed*; and for proofs of this, we refer to our former labours in the present department of our miscellany (Vol. II. p. 444, and Vol. III. p. 112):—of *five* instances that we have now detected, of books reviewed *twice* with *opposite* characters, *three* belong to this journal; which we likewise, in the last page of our seventeenth number (Vol. IV. p. 208), convicted of a palpable *plagiarism* or transcription, from a number of the Critical Review, published *seventeen months* before. There is another example of the practice of duplicate criticism, in the numbers for September, 1807, and November 1808, (Article, Two Dissertations concerning the Roman Catholics); but not indeed, *as it happens*, involving any degree of self contradiction. We again observe, this evinces *bad management*; and requires the proprietors to notice it, if the conductors do not. It is hardly necessary for us to add, that in the cases of which we speak, there was no pretence of new editions, or of any other nature, to justify the *repeated* criticisms.

We had written thus far, when we received communications from two correspondents, pointing out the very instance which we have made the subject of our present extraordinary article. Our readers may trust to our vigilance: it is *impossible* for any example of this sort *ultimately* to escape us, though our complicated arrangements may sometimes prevent us from promptly noticing it. One of the writers says that the *recommendation* (which appeared *first*) induced him to purchase the book; and adds angrily; "I think they ought to be severely censured for such impositions upon the public; for it appears to me that there is no dependance to be placed on the opinions which are given of books by the British Critic." As he dates his letter from the *Temple*, and writes a *lawyer's* hand, we would have him consider, in the way of *business*, whether an *action* would not lie against the publishers of the Review, for the recovery of the price of the book, on the statute against *giving false characters*.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey.

The Refo

Published for the Sati

eformers' Dinner

Publish'd June 1st 1809 by S. Tipper No 3 Leadenhall Street